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THE QUEEN LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NEW LAW COURTS, AT BIRMINGHAM.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

It is an ill wind, the proverb consolingly tells us, that blows nobody good. With a parity of condolence it may be hinted that even earthquakes must be productive of advantage to somebody. I have little doubt that during the season immediately following the earthquake at Lisbon (in the occurrence of which Dr. Johnson declined to believe, although he gave considerable credence to the Cock-lane Ghost) the *fonda* keepers of Oporto and Cadiz, Valencia and Seville, did remarkably well as regards the hospitalities which they extended to refugees from the wrecked Lusitanian capital; and just at present the proprietors of the Roman hotels, while not exactly congratulating themselves on the happening of the terrible catastrophes on the Riviera, are contemplating with cheerful complacency the tremendous influx of British tourists, health-seekers, and globe-trotters into the Eternal City.

Rome is simply crammed with strangers. It used to be said of Malta that its garrison was so large that if one single soldier were added to it, another soldier would inevitably fall off the island. They are saying here, laughingly, that if only two more members of the British aristocracy had arrived in Rome before the Earl of Rosebery and Lord Randolph Churchill, the two last-named patricians would have fallen off the Tarpeian Rock. Be it as it may of Rome being as full of Anglo-Saxon humanity as the 'tween decks of a slaver in the old days of the Middle Passage, there can be no doubt—relatively speaking, of course—the hotels are crowded: at the *Albergo d'Inghilterra*, in the *Via Bocca di Leone*, the guests at the table d'hôte average a hundred and twenty a day; and private apartments are obtainable only at famine prices. Fortunately, the Distressed Compiler had written for rooms some days before he started for Rome; and in old and comfortable quarters he purposes devoting himself, for the next fortnight or so, to the service of the readers of the "Echoes"; the remainder of his time being spent in calmly obdurate idleness:—the serene delights of deliberately oversleeping oneself every morning; of being totally oblivious—save on "Echoes" days—as to the hours at which the post goes out to England; and especially of being alone in a great mob of people feverishly intent on the business of pleasure—alone, and not compelled to speak to anybody; and tranquilly indifferent to things in general!

"E. H." (Sheffield) must have noted an incidental remark of mine in last week's "Echoes," and have pleasantly made up his mind that I was not going to be turned away from the *Hôtel d'Angleterre*; since I found addressed to me at the hostelry in question an instructive communication touching that "orsedew," or "orzidew," of which mention was recently made in this page. "E. H." writes:—

A very similar word is used by the workpeople of this town [Sheffield], and is possibly derived from the same source. I have never seen it written or printed; but it is pronounced "assidew." So far as I can discover it has no reference to any kind of gilding, or even to colour; but is employed simply in a comparative sense with regard to the extreme tenacity of any material. Thus, a workman will speak of a sheet of metal as being "as thin as assidew"; although, when questioned, he cannot explain what "assidew" itself consists of.

This would seem slightly to disturb the doctrine of "orsedew" being derived from the French "or" and "séduire"—a derivation which has always struck me as both far-fetched and incongruous. Besides, our neighbours in their artistic technology have long since adopted a most expressive word for a cunningly-deceptive imitation—"trompe-l'œil" ("cheat-eye").

From as much as I can gather of the gist of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's address, delivered at the Society of Arts, on the machinery, decoration, and appliances of the stage, it would appear that my worthy friend inclines to the opinion that in these latter days the machinist and the electrician play too prominent a part in providing the appliances of the stage, and that altogether the "mounting" or "staging"—reprehensible words both!—of plays has become excessive in its elaboration. Sir Frederick Pollock, too, who presided at Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's lecture, seemed to prefer such a dress as that in which Garrick played Macbeth—i.e., the uniform of a captain of the Guards—to the "archæological" costumes assumed by some Macbeths in modern times. In one respect I agree with Sir Frederick. At all events, when David Garrick played Macbeth in a Guardsman's uniform he and the audience knew thoroughly well what the garb of an officer in the Household Brigade was like; whereas, not he, nor the Kembles, nor Macready, nor Young, nor Phelps, nor Henry Irving, ever had the slightest definite knowledge as to the kind of clothing worn by Macbeth—supposing that there ever was a Macbeth and that he wore any clothes at all.

Mem.: Garrick himself profited by his visit to Paris to make extensive sumptuary reforms in the English stage. In any case, we have Hogarth's word—or rather his hand—for it that Garrick did not play Richard the Third in a military uniform of the reign of George the Second.

The perturbed spirits of William Wordsworth, Poet Laureate and Stamp Distributor of Westmoreland, and of Robert Southey, also Poet Laureate, and author of "Wat Tyler," and both bitter haters of railways in picturesque localities, may now—supposing them to have been perturbed by the promotion of the Ambleside Railway Bill—rest in peace. A Select Committee of the House of Commons have thrown out the Bill; the chairman explaining its rejection on the ground that "the Committee, while sympathising with the desire of the inhabitants of the district to have additional railway facilities, were not satisfied with the financial aspect of the scheme." Most considerate on the part of the Select Committee! In the infancy of railways it was confidently predicted by the *Quarterly Review* and other enlightened organs of public opinion that iron roads could not possibly pay. Had those opinions been allowed to have any weight we should have at the present day in England no railways at all.

In reality, it was the influence of "Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque" that carried the day in the Ambleside Rail-

way Bill fight. I have never been in the Lake district; it is not likely that I shall ever go there; and I am indifferent as to whether locomotion in the region in question is performed by means of stage-coaches, omnibuses, droschkies, hansom cabs, mules, camels, bicycles, or balloons. Yet it strikes me that the Ambleside Railway will be constructed some of these days, and that the day is not far distant. I esteem Dr. Syntax, and admire the picturesque; but wherever railways are really wanted, railways, sooner or later, are inevitable. If the picturesque sentimentalists had their way there would be no railway from Naples to Pompeii; none from Madrid to the Escorial; none from Mestre to Venice; and there would be no "zig-zag" line over the Blue Mountains of New South Wales—the last, perhaps, affording a triumphant example of how a railway can be quite as picturesque as the landscape through which it runs. But I speak, obviously, only of things which I have seen. To the English Lake district I am, I repeat, a stranger, and consequently bow low to Dr. Syntax, and congratulate him on the collapse of the Ambleside Railway Bill.

"L. C. K.," writing from Vienna, attacks (I think successfully) the claims of Volapük to be the coming universal language. My correspondent contends that the new-fangled mode of speech does not fulfil one of the primary conditions which an artificially constructed language should possess—viz., only to contain such sounds as are common to all civilised nations. In Volapük we come at once upon a vowel, "ü," which is to be pronounced like the French "eu," which is as difficult of pronunciation to us English as our "th" is to foreigners.

What connection can there be, may I ask my patiently appreciative readers, between earthquakes, babies' feeding-bottles, and heavy dragoons? Well; at the first blush it might seem a somewhat difficult task to associate the things just mentioned; but an endeavour will be made to bring them into "a concatenation accordingly." You are aware that the once festive and picturesque Mi-Carême procession on the Paris boulevards has degenerated into a coarse and garish show of advertising vans, by means of which tradesmen are enabled to puff their wares. The *flâneurs* who were bold enough to confront the miserable wintry weather which marred the Mid-Lent celebration in Lutetia on March 17, were for a short time amused by the passage of an immense chariot drawn by six huge *Percheron* horses, and devoted to the pictorial and plastic proclamation of the virtues of persistently advertised babies' feeding-bottles. The postilions were in infantile costume and wore huge white padded puddings round their heads. To amusement, however, very soon succeeded indignation when it was perceived, first, that the masquerading *poupous* were disguised cavalry soldiers, and next that their saddles and bridles were of the military regulation pattern.

There arose, at once, a prodigious scandal. First the little and then the big Paris newspapers took the matter up; and ultimately, the military authorities had to explain how this grave dereliction of military etiquette had come about. It appears that application had been made to the Governor of Paris for the loan of sixteen dragoons, who were to take part in some pageant organised in aid of the fund for the relief of the sufferers from the Riviera earthquakes. The Commandant de la Place obligingly lent the applicants not sixteen, but twelve troopers, strictly on condition that they were to be habited only as "mousquetaires," or as "hérauts d'arrests," and their regimental officers allowed the men to take their saddles and bridles with them. How these gallant cavaliers got transferred to the temporary services of the manufacturers of babies' feeding-bottles was, when I left Paris, still a mystery. To the dragoons themselves, I daresay it did not matter much whether they were dressed up as babies, as bakers, as brigands, or as balloons. Any kind of *travestissement* brought grist to their mill in the shape of a dram or two of *schnick* and a trifle of tobacco.

While treating of matters warlike, would there be any very great impropriety in hinting that the ghost of a certain old author named Vegetius, who, in the Latin tongue, once wrote a book entitled "De Re Militari," might fitly have been present at the first of the evictions on Lord Lansdowne's estates at Luggacurran, Queen's County, Ireland? I read that "at 11.30 a start was made. A body of police led the way; then came a party of about twenty emergency men, carrying axes, crowbars, scaling-ladders, corrugated zinc for protecting attacking parties, and every imaginable implement necessary for carrying out the evictions." Corrugated zinc was certainly unknown as a defensive appliance among the Roman legions whose armament and discipline were described by Vegetius. Still, the apparatus for "protecting attacking parties" bears a strange resemblance to the ancient *testudo*. Advance, Civilisation! After axes, crowbars, scaling-ladders, and shields of "corrugated zinc" will come, I suppose, catapults, battering-rams, and Greek fire.

The horrible miscreants who plotted to assassinate the Tsar Alexander III. were not quite original in constructing their bombs with envelopes resembling books, bags, opera-glasses, and rolls of music. Harmodius, as "the merest schoolboy" knows—or does not know—stabbed "with steel in myrtle dressed"; but the book device seems to have been first introduced at the head-quarters of the Grand Army of the Potomac, in 1864. The sham volumes were of tin, covered with leather, and were lettered as Bibles and Testaments. They were not filled—as was the case with the St. Petersburg shells—with bullets envenomed with strichnine. The pseudo-Scriptural bombs of the Potomac only contained old rye whisky. The Federal Army was strictly a teetotal one: spirits were inflexibly prohibited as contraband; but the smuggling into the lines of alcohol disguised in the manner just pointed out was tolerably frequent.

Rome, I have already remarked, is crammed with visitors just now; but there has likewise been a vast increase of its sedentary as well as its floating population; and it is now something more than full. Since I was last here, some three

years since, the aspect of the Eternal City has changed marvellously, and, from the Dr. Syntax point of view, not very agreeably. I suppose that one must not complain of a factory with a tall chimney having sprung up in the immediate neighbourhood of the Baths of Diocletian. "Manifattura Nazionale di Jute" certainly neither looks nor sounds so classical or so picturesque as "S.P.Q.R.": still, the making of jute means, I apprehend, the making of money, and there is no capital in Europe that would derive greater benefit than Rome is beginning to derive from the development of trade and manufactures. So jute, even in its propinquity to the Baths of Diocletian, must be accepted as an item in the inevitable—as a thing which manifestly sins against the Beautiful (with a big B), but which, nevertheless, conduces to the swelling of the balance at our bankers.

Mem.: I bear the fabric a grudge, for all that. The view of Calcutta, as you steam up the Hooghly—the "Ugli" I mean, respected Sir W. W. Hunter, K.S.I.!—is more than half spoiled by the jute factories. The courteous commander of the P. and O. has promised you the prospect of a City of Palaces; and lo and behold! you gaze from the bridge of the great steam-ship on a darkling vista of fiercely-smoking factory shafts. It is a relief even to turn to the staring poly-chromatic bungalows in which the ex-King of Oude, his zenana, and his menagerie of wild beasts are housed.

In many other aspects than the one to which I have adverted is the capital of Italy changed. The city has been hooked on to the express-train of the Nineteenth Century, and is on the high road to becoming a third-rate Paris. Literally "hooked on": I came from Paris, through the Mont Cenis Tunnel to Rome, in exactly thirty-four hours. Thirty years ago the journey could scarcely have been accomplished in a week. The railway fare and the sleeping-car supplementary charge amounted together to about nine pounds twelve shillings sterling. A generation since there were no sleeping-cars; there were no railways either through or over the Alps, and to travel from Paris to Rome would have cost, at least, twenty pounds.

But it is not altogether in *couleur de rose* that the picture of the New Rome should be painted by the impartial observer. The city is undergoing a "Transformation" undreamt of by Nathaniel Hawthorne. The green open spaces within the walls, and immediately around them, are being rapidly covered with hideous, barrack-like blocks of houses, which have not even the merit of solidity, but collapse so frequently that the expediency of composing a work on "The Ruins of Modern Rome" must be looked upon as within measurable distance. What is the Italian for a "Jerry Builder"?

Then, almost every tolerably well-to-do Italian provincial has a craving to reside in "La Capitale"; and, in view of the extortionate house-rents demanded in Rome, two, and even three, families will club finances, and take a floor between them, "pigging" together in more than Hibernian gregariousness; while the servants bivouac in the *vani* or passages. Rather than be bereft of a carriage in which to take their daily drive on the Pincian or in the Borghese gardens, these aspiring provincials will be content to live on polenta, salad, and macaroni, and even hire, at so much a month, the very clothes which they wear. Everything tending towards comfort or culture must be sacrificed "per far figura."

To make matters worse, Rome is losing her good old colony of British residents. The English Club in the *Via della Croce* is dead. The walls of the venerable haunt over which William Makepeace Thackeray used to lodge are as the walls of Balclutha and are desolate. When the English Club (like Morality in the "Dunciad") "expired unawares" it had but twelve remaining members; yet in its books are inscribed the names of nearly all the eminent Britons of two generations. At present some thirty thousand English people and Americans pass through Rome in the course of the five months' season; but they come not to stay. They are the merest birds of passage. And finally, alack! the beautiful Protestant cemetery hard by the pyramid of Caius Sestius will soon be closed, and Protestants who die in Rome will be interred in the Campo Verano, outside the Porta San Lorenzo, where a "Potter's Field" will be set apart for them.

For a good many months I have—to use a vulgar but forcible expression—been "hammering away," in the shape of leading articles in "another place," in the hope of bringing public opinion to bear on the necessity of restricting, by legislative means if possible, the carrying and employment of revolvers, not only by habitual criminals, but by foolish and irresponsible persons, and over and over again I have suggested that these murderous weapons should be numbered and heavily taxed. I notice that in Parliament lately the Home Secretary, in answer to a question put by Sir Algernon Borthwick, promised to ascertain from the Chief Commissioner of Police how many murders had been committed by burglars in the Metropolis during the last ten years; how many persons had been wounded by the use of firearms by burglars, and how many of those miscreants had avoided arrest by the use of firearms. Mr. Matthews concluded with a characteristically official utterance. "It is not," he said, "his intention to propose any change in the law to deter burglars and others [the italics are mine] from the felonious use of firearms and other dangerous weapons."

Of course, Mr. Matthews has no such intention. The official intentions of an ordinary Secretary of State for the Home Department are, first, to remain in office as long as ever he can; next, to take care that his mental horizon shall be at the end of his nose, and not one rod further; and, finally, to be blind and deaf to what he sees and hears, especially in the columns of the newspapers. The wanton use of the revolver, not only by house-breakers but by braggarts and fools, is one of the ghastliest nuisances of the epoch; but the Home Secretary sees no reason for legally interfering with the unrestricted enjoyment of six-shooting. A Home Secretary who was not an ordinary one might see his way to the suppression of this plague and curse to the community; but then the name of such a Minister would have to be Palmerston or Robert Peel the Second.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO BIRMINGHAM.

A brief account of her Majesty's visit, on Wednesday week, to the great manufacturing capital of the Midland Shires was given in our last publication, with a View of the fine building, the foundation-stone of which she then laid, to be erected by the Corporation for the Borough Courts and Assize Courts held at Birmingham. Some Illustrations of the principal streets and public edifices of that town were also presented; and others are now put before our readers, with those of the scenes attending the Queen's reception there, and the ceremony that she came to perform in this Jubilee year of her reign.

Leaving Windsor about half-past ten in the morning, accompanied by her daughter Princess Beatrice and her son-in-law Prince Henry of Battenberg, her Majesty arrived, by the Great Western Railway, at a quarter past one, at the Small Heath Station, three miles on the south side of Birmingham. She was attended by the Duchess of Buccleuch, Mistress of the Robes, the Countess of Errol and the Hon. Lady Biddulph, Ladies in Waiting, General Sir Henry Ponsonby, the Queen's Private Secretary, and two Esquires, Major A. J. Bigge and Colonel the Hon. W. Carington. The Right Hon. Henry Matthews, M.P. for one of the divisions of Birmingham, was in attendance as Secretary of State for the Home Department. At the Small Heath Station the Queen was received by the Mayor and Mayoress of Birmingham (Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Martineau), the Lord Lieutenant of the county (Lord Leigh), the High Sheriff (Mr. T. H. Goodwin Newton), the Recorder (Mr. J. Stratford Dugdale, M.P., Q.C.), the Town Clerk (Mr. E. Orford Smith), and Major-General C. F. Daniell, Commanding Northern District, with his staff. The Mayor and Mayoress, the High Sheriff, the Recorder, and the Town Clerk had the honour of being presented to the Queen by the Secretary of State for the Home Department, and Mrs. Martineau presented her Majesty with a bouquet. A guard of honour of the 1st Battalion of the York and Lancaster Regiment, under the command of Major Littledale, was mounted at the railway station. A procession of carriages was formed to enter the town, passing along the Coventry-road, and through the suburb of Bordesley, thence by Deritend and Digbeth, to the Bull Ring, and going up High-street and New-street, to the Townhall. It first entered Small Heath Park, in which were assembled some 15,000 school-children, whose manifestations of delight appeared to give the Queen and Princess Beatrice some amusement as well as gratification. As the procession emerged from the park into the Coventry-road, a squadron of the Warwickshire Yeomanry fell in behind, while the Volunteers lined the route. The roads were crowded at each side with spectators, who cheered and waved hats and handkerchiefs as the Royal party passed by. The cheering was heartily taken up by the immense multitude in the Bull Ring round St. Martin's Church, the bells of which rang out a merry peal. Looking down High-street from the arch of flowers and evergreens above, the scene as the Royal procession crossed the Bull Ring and went up the hill was very picturesque. New-street was entered, and its elaborate decorations attracted the admiration of the Royal party, the Queen and the Princess bowing repeatedly to the salutations of welcome that greeted them. From the thousands assembled in the open square a mighty shout arose that apprised those within the Townhall of her Majesty's arrival, even before it was notified by the fanfare of trumpets, and the sound of the National Anthem, played by the band of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment.

The interior of the hall was crowded; little had been attempted in the way of decoration, but the dais in front of the orchestra was tastefully draped and flanked on each side with banks of flowers and palms, while three chairs of state were provided for the Royal visitors. Choral music was provided by the Birmingham Festival Choral Society, led by Mr. Stockley, who, it may be mentioned, conducted the musical arrangements on the occasion of her Majesty's visit in 1858. Among those already in the hall were the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., Mr. Jesse Collings, M.P., Mr. Powell Williams, Sir James Sawyer, aldermen and councillors and other prominent citizens. The Earl and Countess of Bradford arrived later, as did Lady Leigh and Lady Newport. At a quarter to two the Bishop of Worcester, in a plain black gown with Doctor's hood, entered the hall, followed by Lord Leigh in his uniform as Lord Lieutenant, the Mayor, the High Sheriff, and other local authorities. At ten minutes past two the cheering and the trumpets without heralded the arrival of the Royal party. A quarter of an hour afterwards the Queen entered the hall and ascended the dais, the choir singing the National Anthem. At its conclusion, the Recorder (Mr. Stratford Dugdale) read the address from the Corporation, signed by the Mayor and Town Clerk. The address, which was artistically illuminated by Mr. Morton, a local artist, and bound in blue velvet, was handed to her Majesty's attendants. The Queen then read the following reply in clear but low tones:—"I receive with great pleasure your loyal and dutiful address, and I fully appreciate the cordial welcome which my people of Birmingham have given me. I have observed with much satisfaction the vast improvements carried out by the energy of the Corporation since my last visit to Birmingham with my beloved husband in 1858. I have seen with admiration the design for the noble building which the Corporation intend to erect, and which appears to be in every way worthy of the high purpose it is intended to fulfil by giving convenience and dignity to the administration of justice in your midst. I thank you very heartily for your affectionate welcome and reception of myself and children. During the long and eventful period, now extending over fifty years, through which my reign has continued, the loyalty and affection of my faithful people have been a constant source of support in difficulty and sorrow, and consolation in affliction. I pray God that prosperity and happiness may ever attend the labours of this vast and industrious community."

The last two sentences were especially emphasised by her Majesty, who seemed deeply moved. The Queen having handed her reply to the Mayor, the mover and seconder of the address, the Deputy-Mayor, and the Coroner were presented by the Lord Chamberlain. Addresses were also presented to her Majesty, but not read, by Lord Leigh, from the Queen's Hospital; by Mr. Chatwin, from the Society of Artists; and by Mr. Johnstone, from the Midland Institute, to each of whom her Majesty's reply was handed by the Home Secretary.

With the singing of the "Hallelujah Chorus" from Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," the official ceremony was brought to a conclusion. The Queen, rising from her chair, walked to the edge of the dais, and summoning Mr. Chamberlain, that gentleman ascended the steps, and for a few seconds her Majesty entered into a conversation with him. Then, passing to the opposite side, the Queen graciously recognised the Countess of Bradford and Lady Leigh; after which, bowing three times to the assembly, her Majesty retired to the luncheon-room amidst the cheers of the spectators. The luncheon and retiring rooms were tastefully furnished, the decorations being mainly of an Oriental character; and the services of plate and glass were worthy of the special reputation which in such matters Birmingham enjoys. At the close of the proceedings in the hall, Princess Beatrice accepted a

beautiful bouquet from Miss Martineau. While the Royal visitors were at luncheon, the Mayor entertained a party of guests in the Council House.

It was half-past three when the Royal procession formed again to proceed to the site of the intended New Law Courts, in Corporation-street. Passing through Colmore-row between cheering throngs densely crowding the pathways behind the barriers, the Queen paused for a moment to admire the Metal Trades' arch, a charming specimen of artistic metal-work. In front of St. Philip's Church was a large stand bearing an inscription that conveyed a welcome to her Majesty from one hundred of her subjects whose united ages amounted to 7155 years. The next prominent feature was the Fire Brigade arch, constructed of ancient and modern appliances, and manned by firemen clad in costumes of divers periods while the representatives of several brigades belonging to Birmingham and adjacent towns were drawn up in the road. Arriving in front of the Grammar School, the Royal party was greeted with a ringing cheer such as school-boys know how to raise, and the Queen stopped to receive an address in Latin from the boys and a bouquet from the girls. Sir Henry Ponsonby subsequently handed the following reply from the Queen:—"To the Head Master. Reply to the scholars of King Edward's School. I thank you for your loyal and beautiful address. I hope that all my youthful subjects will profit by the forethought of my predecessor, King Edward VI, and will grow up loyal and worthy citizens, and that the institution to which they now belong may never cease to flourish as a place of sound, useful education." At the request of the bailiff of the school, next day was set apart as a holiday in celebration of the Queen's visit.

The procession wended its way through Corporation-street, passing under the arch of warlike implements, and the site of

the Law Courts was reached at four o'clock. The Queen was conducted by the Mayor to the platform in front of which the foundation-stone was suspended, Princess Beatrice standing on her Majesty's right hand, Prince Henry of Battenberg on her left. The Bishop of Worcester offered a prayer for the success of the undertaking, and for the administration of justice. The architects presented coins and records to be deposited underneath the stone. The Mayor handed the Queen a silver trowel; and, her Majesty having spread some mortar, a workman came forward and completed the operation. The stone

of Tudor roses; the Royal arms and their Crown proper; and an emblematic device composed of the shamrock and thistle. Settees of floral silk Genoese velvet, rosewood chairs, and three inlaid cabinets of satinwood and rosewood, embellished with Dresden and Venetian glass, formed the furniture of the room, which was adorned with rare flowers and foliage plants, tastefully disposed. The corridor was lined with foliage plants, and laid with crimson cloth and Axminster carpet. The silver trowel and the silver-tipped ivory mallet, to be used in laying the stone, were presented to the Queen by the Mayor, and her Majesty, looking at the trowel, admired its artistic design, which is in character with the future building. On the handle are figures emblematical of Mercy, Law, and Justice, standing in niches, and enriched with Renaissance embellishments. Engraved on one side of the blade is a delicate etching of the Victoria Courts, with a Latin text of Scripture and the following inscription running downwards to the point:—"The first stone laid by her Majesty Queen Victoria for the Corporation of Birmingham in the year of Jubilee, 1887." On the back of the blade are the Birmingham arms and the names of the Mayor and Town Clerk. The trowel and mallet were given by the manufacturers, Messrs. Elkington and Co.

The illuminations of the town at night were splendid, especially at the junction of New-street, Colmore-row, and Congreve-street. In the illumination of the Council House and Art Gallery a large sum had been spent by the Reception Committee and the Gas Committee of the Corporation. The fine façade and the side looking upon Congreve-street, together 420 ft. long, were outlined with varicoloured globes; and the tall tower, visible for many miles around, was marked by twelve parallel lines of light that ran from the base to the summit, and crowned it with fiery cressets. Fifty-four thousand jets, either open or shaded with tinted glass, were displayed upon this building, and burned a hundred thousand cubic feet of gas every hour. A great kaleidoscopic revolving star—the same which shone upon the front of the Granite Palace at Moscow when the ruling Czar was crowned—unfolded on the portico a series of coloured devices. Below the star, in letters of white crystal, glowed the word "Welcome"; above it, where a handsome recessed arch supports the pediment, were three concentric segments of lamps—amber, blue, and ruby. A portrait of the Queen, done in "leaded lights," shone more mildly on the front of those heavy pillars which form the porch of the Art Gallery; and Stars of St. George, stars of sixteen points, stars and medallions 10 ft. high, were the lesser lights of this remarkable illumination. The general effect was magnificent.

Her Majesty has conferred the honour of Knighthood upon the Mayor of Birmingham, who attended her at Windsor Castle on Friday. A poem, "Welcome to the Queen," by Mr. Alfred Hayes, of King Edward's School, was inserted by the Reception Committee in the Illustrated Route-book for the use of the Royal visitors. It has been printed separately, and we are told that the Queen has read it, and is much pleased with it.

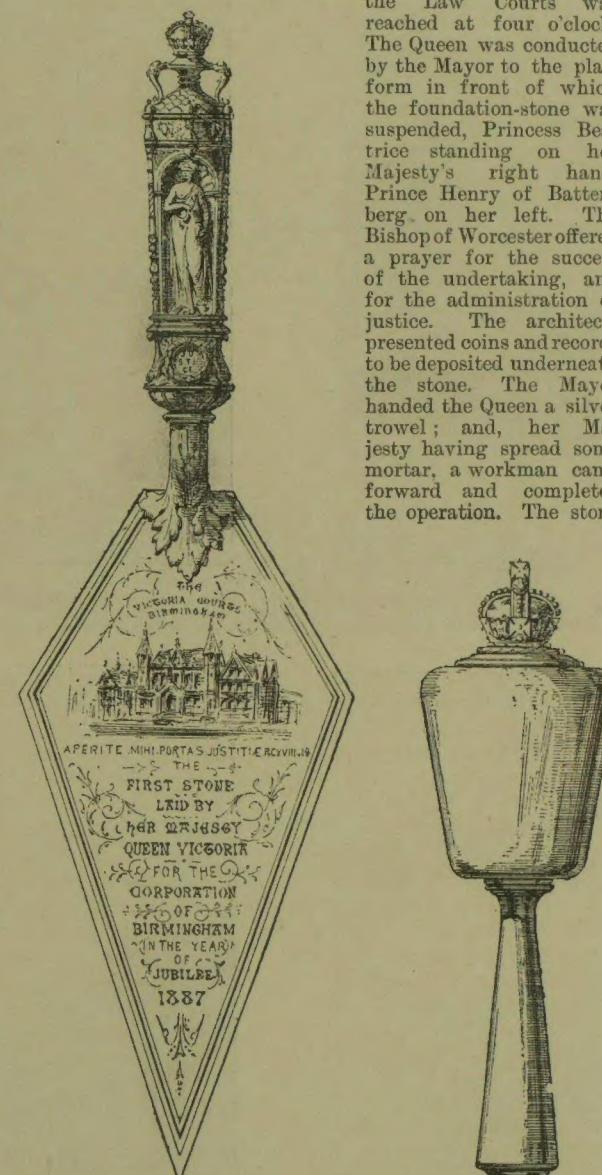
A few remarks may be added concerning the places represented in our Illustrations of Birmingham. Small Heath Park, in the Coventry-road, a pleasure-ground of forty-one acres, was opened for public recreation in 1879, being one of the gifts of Miss Ryland, who also gave Cannon Hill Park to the town, in 1873; that lady further contributed £4000 to the expense of laying out Small Heath Park. In the road through Deritend and Digbeth, by which her Majesty entered the town, one of the most picturesque objects is the Old Crown Inn, or Old Crown House, an ancient timber-fronted mansion that has existed, probably, some four hundred years, and which may have been the residence of the Lords of the Manor. The open space called Bull Ring, where St. Martin's Church stands, was originally the corn-market, and was, until the beginning of this century, almost covered with stalls; it was used for the sale of vegetables till the construction of the new market. Bull-street derives its name from an old inn called the Red Bull. The barbarous sport of bull-baiting was certainly much in vogue at Birmingham in ancient times; but the latest attempts to pursue this diversion, since it was prohibited by law, were at Snow Hill, at Birmingham Heath, and at Gib Heath, near the present Nineveh-road. Among the houses of historical interest worthy to be mentioned is Heathfield, in the suburb of Handsworth, near the site of the famous Soho Works of Boulton and Watt, on the north side of Birmingham. James Watt, the inventor of the steam-engine, built Heathfield House in 1791, and resided there many years. The house now belongs to Mr. George Tangye, a munificent benefactor of the town, who, with his brother, Mr. Richard Tangye, gave £40,000 to the Birmingham Art Gallery and £11,000 to the School of Art.

In the large Engraving that we have recently issued, representing the "Family Tree" of Queen Victoria's descendants, sons and daughters, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, the Portraits of her Majesty and the Prince Consort were copied from photographs by Mr. A. Bassano, of 25, Old Bond-street.

The monthly return of paupers in England and Wales for January of the present year shows that in the first week of the month they numbered 751,882, which is higher than in any corresponding period since 1875. The metropolitan pauperism for the same period reached the highest point since 1874, the number being 98,648.

The corrected list of the advanced party of Volunteers which has received permission to march on Dover, as in an enemy's country, on Good Friday and the following day, shows 254 officers and 4019 non-commissioned officers and men. It is anticipated that at the Easter Monday field-day the total of regulars and Volunteers will reach 18,000.

The Easter holiday arrangements on the Brighton and South Coast Railway are announced as follow:—The availability of ordinary return tickets to and from the seaside, &c., will be extended over the Easter holidays, and this will also include the special cheap Saturday to Monday tickets. On Thursday a fourteen-day excursion to Paris, via Dieppe and Rouen, will be run from London by a special day service, and also by the ordinary night service. The newly established fast late train to Brighton on Saturday nights from Victoria will also be run on the Thursday night before Good Friday. On Good Friday, Easter Sunday and Monday, day trips, at greatly reduced excursion fares, will be run to Brighton, Worthing, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Lewes, Bexhill, St. Leonards, and Hastings. Special Saturday to Tuesday tickets will also be issued from London to Brighton, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight. Extra trains will be run to and from London to the Crystal Palace grand sacred concert on Good Friday, and the holiday entertainments on Easter Monday. For the Volunteer review at Eastbourne on Easter Monday special trains will be run from London, Brighton, Hastings, and Tunbridge Wells. The Brighton Company announced that their West-End offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square, will remain open until ten p.m. on the evenings of Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday for the sale of the special cheap tickets and ordinary tickets to all parts of the line, at the same fares as charged at London Bridge and Victoria.



TROWEL AND MALLETS USED BY THE QUEEN AT BIRMINGHAM.

was lowered, and the Queen, having given the customary taps with an ivory mallet, declared the stone well and truly laid, a fanfare of trumpets announcing the termination of the ceremony. The architects, Messrs. Aston Webb and Ingress Bell, had the honour of being presented to the Queen, who then, bowing to the spectators, retired amidst enthusiastic cheering.

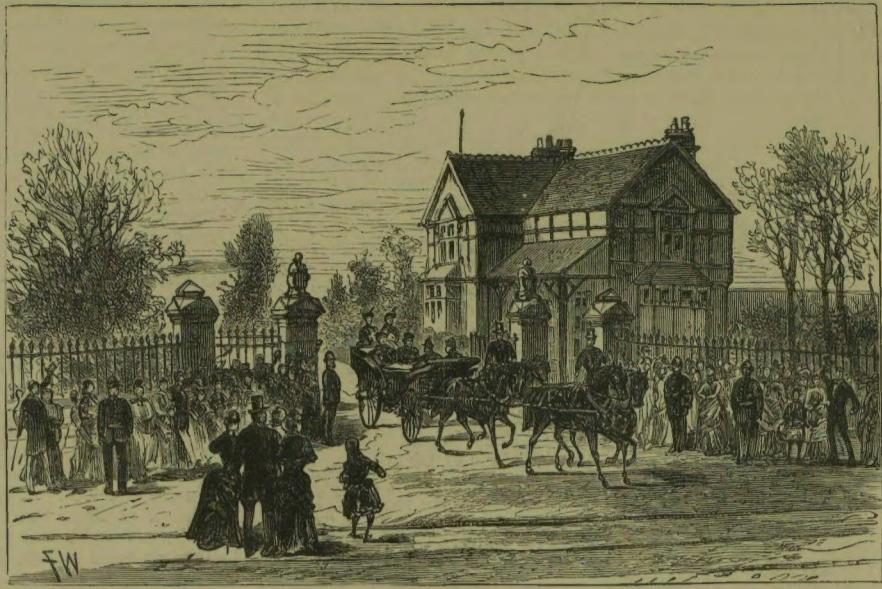
The Royal party went to the Snow-hill Station of the Great Western Railway, which was elaborately decorated. After entering the saloon-carriage her Majesty beckoned to the Mayor, and, shaking hands with him, expressed her complete satisfaction with the arrangements made for her reception, which had been most gratifying to her. Amidst a final burst of cheers and waving of handkerchiefs, and the strains of the National Anthem, the train steamed out of the station.

Our Illustrations of the reception of the Queen by the Mayor and Mayoress at Small Heath Station, the procession in New-street, the presentation of the address from the Corporation in the Townhall, the luncheon-room where refreshments were provided for the Royal party, and the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the new Law Courts in Corporation-street, are sufficiently explained in the above narrative. The stone-laying ceremony was assisted by Mr. A. H. Davis, manager for the Improvement Committee of the Corporation, and by Mr. Aston Webb, one of the architects. It took place in a large pavilion, which was oval in shape, with a rectangular recess at the end. In this recess stood a raised platform, built around the brick pier upon which the polished granite cornerstone was to rest. The platform was seen well from every part of the pavilion, the floor having a gradual slope to the back. A reception-room had been fitted up, which was sumptuously furnished. A bell-tent roof of Indian muslin admitted a subdued light. The walls were lined with a French tapestry of soft colouring, supported by a dado of richer shade, and panelled with dark hangings; and the floor was laid with a luxurious Wilton pile carpet, woven for the Royal use. Its pattern, arranged upon a dark navy-blue ground, was composed of three devices—the Tudor roses, surmounted by the Crown and encircled with a garland

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO BIRMINGHAM.



SMALL HEATH PARK.



LODGE AND GATE, SMALL HEATH PARK.



THE OLD CROWN INN, DERITEND.



HEATHFIELD HOUSE, THE HOME OF JAMES WATT.

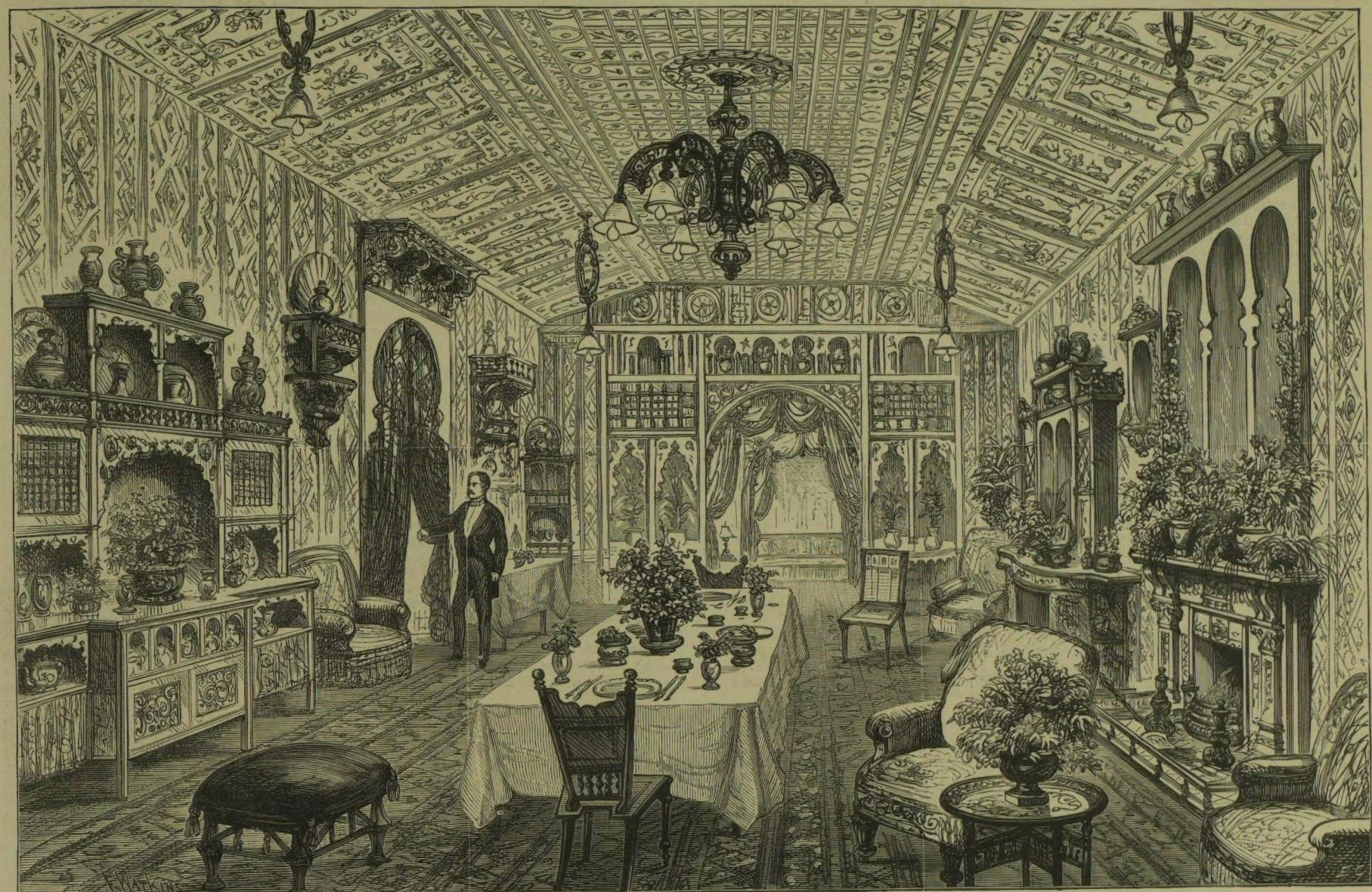


ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH, BULL RING.



BULL-STREET.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO BIRMINGHAM.



THE LUNCHEON-ROOM AT THE TOWNHALL.



HIGH-STREET.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The first question that will be naturally asked by the curious amongst playgoers will be, "What is Mrs. James Brown Potter like?" Nay, it is not impossible that the question will be preceded by another, "Who is Mrs. James Brown Potter?" Well; she is an intelligent American lady, well known in "society," who has played in New York and other cities as an amateur, who has recited pathetic pieces in drawing-rooms, and who has resolved to adopt the stage as a profession, as Mrs. Langtry and Miss Angela Fenton did before her. She has just the figure, face, and voice for the stage. Those who are curious about the beauty of the *débutante* can satisfy themselves by purchasing her photograph; but they will not find there that she has a countenance that lights up well, that it is full of change and nervous expression, mobile and interesting, and that her voice and enunciation—save for a slight and not unpleasing accent—leave little to be desired. The wonder is that the advisers of this energetic lady should have permitted her to appear in such a play as "Man and Wife," or such a character as Anne Silvester. She is not a drawing-room comedy actress at all. Natural acting does not at present come within her compass. She is emotional, imaginative, ideal. She seems fettered by the restraint of fashionable gowns and modern furniture, and reminds one of a caged dramatic bird soaring to heights of Shakespeare or Victor Hugo. If Shakespeare or Hugo were not ready for her at the exact moment she wanted to appear, there were plenty of plays by Gilbert, Merivale, or Wills, that would have suited her at once. I can see her as Cynisca in "Pygmalion and Galatea," as the heroine of "The White Pilgrim," as the faithful woman in "All for Her." But, to suit her style, she must have romance and poetry—anything, in fact, but a nineteenth-century play of modern manners. Her art still being in a raw, untrained, and ill-disciplined state, she attempted to play Anne Silvester, as if this young person were a modern Lady Macbeth or a comedy Constance. She was determined to do all she knew and show all she felt in a part requiring moderation, quiet intensity, and balance. Anne Silvester is not a tragedy queen, and no one should have known this better than Mrs. Potter. She forced all her effects, she exaggerated every scene, she was over-emphatic in gesture, in walk, in movement, in bearing, until suddenly, without any warning, she in the last act changed the whole manner of her playing, and with quiet came effect, with repose came interest. No one could have believed that an actress who had played three acts of a play so badly could have turned round and acted the last scene so well. But so it was. At last she was mistress of herself and her emotions. After a long struggle she "got her head," and those who were at the outset inclined to cavil remained to praise; those who had jeered at her palpable crudity had the fairness to own that there was surely here the makings of an actress. For, all things considered, her faults are all on the right side. Far better have an actress who does too much than too little. Excess of energy can be restrained, but true feeling can never be given. Mrs. Brown Potter has the brain to think, if as yet she has not the skill to execute. Her reading of a part is not mere automatic mechanism. She is no pretty doll, who can only be dressed up and say "Mamma!" "Papa!" She has power, she has intelligence, she has imagination; and one day, if she only studies and perseveres, she will turn her back on drawing-room dramas and give an impulse to the revival of the classic and poetic drama. Had this lady been started in a play as powerful and romantic as "Leah," as Miss Bateman was when she came from America, she would have been equally successful. And I can imagine that, even at that distant date, Miss Bateman, who was essentially a tragic actress, would have fretted under the restraint of Anne Silvester. Except on the well-worn excuse of nervousness, it is difficult to account for the reckless and unrestrained manner in which Mrs. Potter played her opening scenes, for it was an open secret that she had been faithfully "coached" by Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, who are certainly not wedded to the school of "storm and stress." But a temperament like this is not for the Bancroft school at all. Given so much promising material, old John Ryder, the "Juliet maker," would, in a few months, have turned her out as a very respectable Shakespearean actress. But, in these days, where is a lady to go whose ambition soars higher than the genteel heroines of domestic drama? What school is there for the callow eagle? There are plenty of academies for the tame mouse or the sucking dove! But the play, apart from the heroine, who got her bit in her mouth and fairly kicked over the traces, caused considerable interest. After Mr. Coghlan, a better Geoffrey Delamaine than Mr. Willard could scarcely be found. He wanted "manner" in the opening scenes, but there was no lack of grim power at the conclusion. The man with heart disease, in a white heat of passion, was clearly and strikingly shown to us, and the whole of the last act, with its informal private trial of a case of bigamy owing to complicated Scotch law, was unquestionably effective. Mr. Kemble made an admirable Sir Patrick Lundie, and Miss Henrietta Lindley is now the best possible representative of the stage "fashionable mother." She has voice, style, and manner to recommend her. Mr. Herbert once more, after fourteen years' silence, made a manly and interesting Arnold Brinkworth; and if Miss Hewett could only be as girlish and coaxing as she is pretty she would make an excellent Blanche. The humours of old Bishopriggs and the Scotch landlady were not overdone by Mr. Collette and Mrs. E. H. Brook; indeed, they were both cheerful and artistic performances.

It is to be regretted that Mr. H. M. Paull has joined the new school of the "realists," for he is unquestionably clever, and has plenty of constructive talent as a dramatist. Possibly, had it not been for "Jim the Penman," the new play, "The Great Felicidad," would never have been written; but this clever dramatic exercise will not fail in attractiveness because of its similarity to Sir Charles Young's successful Haymarket play. If we mistake not, it will fail to please on account of its inherent disagreeableness of motive, and the generally repulsive characters of the various types of men and women introduced. No one pretends to say that the realistic presentation of most that is foul and nauseous in life is not art at all. It may not even be bad art; but it is certainly the lowest and most ignoble form of art. The hideous and shocking truths of Zola; the painful vulgarities of Van Beers, must have a classification in art, but a very low one on the list. The highest form of art is the ideal and imaginative; not to gloss over sin and crime, but to use them as a contrast to what is noble and pure. It is a bad thing for the stage, and worse for society, when plays are written to bolster up a bad cause; to make heroes of blacklegs, and heroines of faithless women. These are the plays in essence more immoral—that is to say, they do more harm—than all the "Divorcons" and "Pink Dominoes" that ever came out of the Palais Royal. They gloss over rascality and condone crime. A man who, when his wife has run away with his friend, can turn up his eyes to heaven and call down blessings on the Divorce Court that will speedily unite him to his friend's wife, is surely a strange sort of hero. Unquestionably, such plays must come in the almost immediate future. If such things are relished in books, they will be applauded on the stage. The condonation of vice, the

sneering at honour, the uprooting of loyalty, when cleverly argued, are the puppets dearest to the sensation novelist. They will soon become the daring instruments in the hands of the writers of sensation plays. Let us who like the stage keep them back as long as we can. Let us fight the monster Realism whilst we have strength to do it. Mr. Paull's play is unquestionably clever; but its very cleverness makes it all the more dangerous. The playing of "The Great Felicidad" was generally excellent. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dacre (Miss Amy Roselle) were seen to great advantage, Mr. Brandon Thomas shone out as a strong character actor, and the parts taken by Mr. and Mrs. George Cannings could scarcely have been better played.

A merry farce called "The Mormon," supposed to have been taken from the French by Mr. Calthorpe, has been produced at the Comedy for a short season, pending the rehearsal of "The Red Lamp," which Mr. Beerholm Tree is to show us at Easter time. The best-played characters in "The Mormon," are by Mr. Harry Paulton, a dry, sour, and imitable comic Scotchman, and by Mr. Charles Glenny, who is one of the best of our young rattling light-comedians. "Masks and Faces" has been produced at the Opéra Comique by Miss Kate Vaughan with the same care that was shown in her other revivals. She makes a charming "Peg," and her dances, fashionable and frivolous, are as delightful as they are welcome. Not, indeed, that she at all deserves for success on her mere grace and elegance of movement. Her scenes with Triplet (Mr. Fernandez) are delightfully played, and she gives a new reading of a character that can be variously treated according to the temperament of the actress. C. S.

ENTERTAINMENTS AT THE BROMPTON HOSPITAL.

The Princess of Wales on Friday evening last week paid a strictly private visit to the Brompton Hospital, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales, and attended by Miss Knollys, taking part in a concert given to the patients in the entertainment room of the new hospital. The charming pianoforte playing of the Princess of Wales and the young Princesses afforded great delight to the patients, who were most hearty in their applause. The other performers were the Hon. Mrs. North Dalrymple (violin), Miss Mary Liddell, Miss Don, Miss Knollys, and Colonel the Hon. Oliver Montagu. At the conclusion of the concert the Princess, with her daughters, visited the "Alexandra" and other galleries, distributing to the patients individually the flowers she had, with touching solicitude, brought with her. The Royal visit was a source of intense gratification to the inmates, and will doubtless prove a memorable event in their lives. The visit lasted about two hours and a half, and at the conclusion the Princess, on taking leave of the chairman (Mr. T. P. Beckwith) and the principal officials, graciously expressed the pleasure with which she had visited the hospital.

Last Tuesday evening the usual weekly entertainment was given through the kindness of Mr. Stedman, and in addition to his own exquisite rendering of "Mary of Argyle," the programme included the talented services of Miss Hilda Coward, Miss Fanny Bristow, Mr. Stanley Smith, Mdlle. Adelina Dinelli (violin), and Mr. Stedman's choir boys; with Mr. Augustus Toop as an able accompanist. Mr. Charles Fry gave some recitations inimitably.

The annual concert in connection with the Metropolitan and City Police Orphanage took place at St. James's Hall on Thursday.

The Nordenfeldt, the largest and most powerful torpedo-boat yet constructed, was launched at Barrow last Saturday. Her length is 110 ft.; width, 13 ft.; her engines are of 1200-horse power, with a speed of nineteen knots.

Four British ironclads, including the Dreadnought with the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince George of Wales on board, left Malta on Monday for Cannes, where they will remain during the Queen's sojourn there.

The President of the United States has awarded a gold watch and chain to Mr. Charles W. Woodruff, master of the British steamer *Rossina*, for his services in rescuing the crew of the American schooner *Rebecca S. Mulford*, on Nov. 17, 1886.

The Earl of Powis has subscribed £25, and the Dean of Llandaff and Mrs. Vaughan £100, to the Clergy Distress Fund formed in connection with the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy. The subscriptions received amount to £16,000.

Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's entertainment will reopen on Easter Monday afternoon with an entirely new piece, entitled "The Naturalist," written by J. Comyns Carr, the music by King Hall; and Mr. Corney Grain will produce his musical sketch of the season, entitled "Jubilee Notes."

Messrs. William Olof and William Chapman produced an adaptation of one of Björnstjerne Björnson's plays called "A Man of Business." The services of Herr Albert Albery, the Anglo-Swedish actor, were secured for the chief rôle, and a specially selected company sustained the other characters. The piece was produced at St. George's Hall last Saturday night.

Messrs. John Walker and Co., of Farringdon House, Warwick-lane, have produced some new note-papers, very pleasant to write upon, called "Canvas" and "Brown Holland," being produced in exact facsimile of these materials. Both papers are suitable to all classes of writers, and for fine or broad-pointed pens.

The Goldsmiths' Company have offered to contribute £5000 towards the expense of laying out and beautifying a recreation-ground of twenty-six acres on the Uxbridge-road for the parish of Acton, which the Local Board of that parish propose to purchase. The Goldsmiths' Company are owners of large areas of land in the district, and it is proposed to purchase the ground in question from that Company and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

Through the liberality of Sir Charles De Hoghton, Bart., who has rebuilt the tower from designs by Mr. Bertwistle, architect, of Blackburn, the ancient parish church of Hoghton has been presented with a new clock specially made by Mr. J. W. Benson, of Ludgate-hill. It has all the latest improvements, shows time on two copper dials 5 ft. 6 in. in diameter, strikes the hours on a tenor bell of 13 cwt., and chimes the Cambridge quarters on four smaller bells.

Under exceptionally favourable conditions the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race was rowed over the usual course last Saturday afternoon. The Cambridge crew shot ahead soon after the start, and, in spite of determined efforts on the part of the Oxford men, maintained the lead throughout. Towards the finish, the oar of No. 7 in the Oxford boat broke. The other seven went pluckily on, however, coming in nearly four lengths behind the Cambridge crew, whose time was 20 min. 52 sec.—The twenty-fourth annual athletic meeting between the Athletic Clubs of Oxford and Cambridge took place yesterday week, at Lillie-bridge Grounds, when Cambridge won six out of the nine events in the programme.—The four-handed racquet match between representatives of Oxford and Cambridge resulted at Manchester in a victory for Cambridge by four games to love.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

St. Stephen's is still, alas! practically an Irish Parliament. True, there was a welcome relief in the House of Lords on the Twenty-sixth of March, when the Marquis of Salisbury signalled his recovery from the cold that had kept him at home by introducing with all his old clearness and incisiveness of style the Tithes Bill, by which the Government propose to shift the incidence of the tax from the occupier to the land-owner. But, generally speaking, Ireland has blocked the way. Depressed in mind by the dark hint of the possibility of no Easter Recess, fatigued members may well have seized with avidity the opportunity of taking a day's pleasure on the river in the agreeably mild weather of the Boat-Race Day, the steamer engaged by the hospitable new National Union Club, of Albemarle-street, being well freighted by a sociable crew comprising some notable people.

It would appear there was something extremely reprehensible in the laudable desire of the Ministry to repress crime in Ireland, to judge from some heated harangues delivered from the front Opposition and Parnellite benches. It is, at any rate, undeniable that agrarian outrages have not been denounced at all as warmly and outspokenly as they should have been.

The fight over the Prevention of Crimes Bill in Ireland has been severe. But, confident in the continued support of the Liberal Unionists, who, for the most part, obey faithfully the lead of Lord Hartington, the Ministry has approached each division with a confidence justified by a good round majority. Eighty-eight, for example, was the Government majority—348 against 260—in the division yesterday week on Mr. John Morley's amendment to Mr. W. H. Smith's motion for the precedence of the Crimes Prevention Bill—the said amendment setting forth that "This House declines to set aside the business of the nation in favour of a measure for increasing the stringency of the criminal law in Ireland, while no effectual security has been taken against the abuse of the law by the exactation of excessive rents." In supporting this proposition, Mr. Gladstone on the Twenty-fourth ult. made one of his most eloquent and vigorous speeches, speaking in a ringing voice and with sustained energy till towards the close, when his tones became hoarse and subdued, yet none the less impressive. The leader of the Opposition based his objections on the continued deprivation of members of the right of bringing forward private business, and on the score that the statistics of crime were not at all so large (nor are they, by a long way) as they were in the last year he himself felt called upon to introduce a "Coercion" Bill—as this type of measure is often erroneously called—and the right hon. gentleman claimed for Mr. Morley's amendment that it did but embody the argument of the Government's "own witness," Sir Redvers Buller, and the course of policy recommended by the Ministry's own Royal Commission. "Step by step," Mr. Gladstone finally said, the Opposition would contend against this "fresh blow struck in the name of a Parliamentary statute alike against the happiness, the prosperity, the contentment, and the well-being of Ireland and the Union of the Empire." When, after dinner, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, radiant in evening dress, adorned with the accustomed orchid in his button-hole, rose, glass in eye, from the side of Mr. John Morley to reply on behalf of the Liberal Unionist Party, he began by paying a richly-merited compliment (barbed by an ironical shaft) to Mr. Herbert Asquith, the hon. member for East Fife, who had distinguished himself by delivering an address so remarkably able, clear, and earnest, in favour of the amendment that office should certainly be open to him when the Liberals arrive in the Ministerial haven once again. Presumed to be in the confidence of the Government with regard to their Irish land proposals, Mr. Chamberlain had a difficult part to play: he had to evince confidence in the sufficiency of these proposals, and yet appear not wholly acquainted with them. With the smiles of her Majesty at Birmingham fresh in his memory (and an invitation to Windsor Castle possibly in his pocket), the member for West Birmingham was armed for the occasion. He was "Cool as a Cucumber"—in which comedy the right hon. gentleman, having, I believe, shone in private theatricals, would probably perform with effect—his speech was admirably clear and logical; but, as the sarcastic cheers of the Parnellites implied, Mr. Chamberlain's defence of the Ministry would have come more appropriately from the Treasury bench, the Ministers on which were palpably and naturally well pleased at his oblique attacks on Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley. He was altogether in favour of a "moderate" amendment of the criminal law, and insinuated that the promised Ministerial Bills for the prevention of cruel evictions and to establish peasant proprietorship in Ireland answered Mr. Morley's amendment. Sir Henry James, on the last night of the debate, took somewhat the same views; and, albeit Sir William Harcourt, once an arch "Coercionist," vociferated as Demosthenically as usual against his former arguments, the division went in favour of the Government "by a large majority," as I have already stated.

Mr. Balfour's Bill for the prevention of "Moonlighting" and intimidation in Ireland, boldly and lucidly laid by him before the House on Monday in the teeth of persistent exclamations from the hot-headed members of Mr. Parnell's party, is unmistakably stringent—but only against law-breakers. The measure, in brief, proposes "to abolish the jury system altogether for certain classes of crimes," and to arm two magistrates with "a maximum power of inflicting six months' imprisonment with hard labour for the following offences:—Criminal conspiracy, boycotting, rioting, offences under the Whiteboy Acts, assaulting officers of the law, taking forcible and unlawful possession, and inciting to the above offences"; it provides that, at the discretion of the Irish Attorney-General, trials by jury of Irish cases may take place in England—whereupon Mr. Healy grimly called out "Aldershot"; it authorises the Lord Lieutenant to "proclaim" certain districts in which the Land League rules; it empowers the Viceroy under pressing circumstances to apply to Parliament to suppress the Land League altogether; and the firm young Secretary for Ireland stated that the Bill would be a permanent one. Mr. John Dillon, in reply, plumply said with a determination which admitted no doubt as to his sincerity that, "if the people of England should be capable of passing such a law I should give up all hope of ever seeing the two peoples shake hands and be friends," and he would either emigrate or lead the Irish people "on to battle." But Mr. Gladstone's sweeping and emphatic condemnation of the Bill on Tuesday, cleverly answered though it was in a well-reasoned speech by Mr. Goschen, put the Parnellite band in a better temper, and encouraged Mr. Parnell to move his amendment that the House should resolve itself into a Committee on Irish affairs. But that is precisely what it has done for the last seven years.

The Committee appointed to consider the subject of defective cutlasses and sword-bayonets report that while there is no reason to doubt the efficiency of any weapon supplied prior to 1871, they believe that the converted cutlasses and sword-bayonets, pattern 1871, with which the Navy is now for the most part armed, are absolutely untrustworthy.

THE COURT.

Yesterday week Colonel the Hon. Reginald Talbot, C.B., commanding 1st Life Guards, and Lieutenant-Colonel R. W. Follett, commanding 1st Battalion Coldstream Guards, had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family at Windsor Castle. The Prince and Princess of Leiningen took leave of her Majesty and left the castle last Saturday morning. Princess Beatrice went to the Guildhall in Windsor in the afternoon, and presented prizes to the successful students of the Windsor and Eton Art Classes. The Duchess of Albany, with Princess Alice and the young Duke of Albany, arrived at the castle from Claremont. The Marquis of Salisbury had an audience of the Queen in the evening. The Right Hon. Henry Matthews, Secretary of State for the Home Department, and the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain had the honour of being included in the Royal dinner party. General the Right Hon. Sir Henry Ponsonby, K.C.B., and Sir Robert and Lady Collins were also invited. On Sunday morning the Queen and Royal family and the members of her Majesty's household attended Divine service in the Private Chapel at Windsor. The Dean of Windsor officiated. The Prince of Wales visited her Majesty on Monday, and remained to luncheon. This being the third anniversary of the death of the late Duke of Albany, the Queen, the Duchess of Albany, and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg proceeded to the Albert Chapel, Windsor Castle, shortly before noon, and placed chaplets and crosses of flowers near the tomb of Prince Leopold. The Prince of Wales visited the building in the afternoon before his return to London. The chapel, by command of her Majesty, was subsequently opened to the public. Major-General Sir John C. Cowell, K.C.B., Master of the Household, was present at the funeral of the late Sir Robert Bateson Harvey, Bart., at Langley, on the part of the Queen. Mr. F. J. Williamson, of Esher, has had the honour of submitting for the Queen's inspection a bust of her Majesty executed by him. On Tuesday morning the Queen, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, left Windsor for the Riviera. Her Majesty travelled by special train to Portsmouth, where she embarked in the Victoria and Albert, in which she crossed to Cherbourg, proceeding thence to Cannes.

The Prince of Wales went to Potsdam on Thursday week, at the invitation of his nephew, Prince William, to inspect the Hussars of the Guard, of which regiment Prince William is Colonel. Prince William then conducted his uncle and the English officers to dinner at the regimental mess. The Prince of Wales on leaving expressed his extreme gratification at what he had seen, his wonder at the smartness already attained by the recruits, and his admiration of the general perfection of the regiment, which was evidently the result of unceasing care and diligence. Finally, his Royal Highness rose and toasted all the officers of the regiment—a compliment which was returned by the band playing "Rule, Britannia," amid great enthusiasm. On returning to town in the evening the Prince attended one of the musical soirées at the Palace given by the Empress every Thursday to a select circle of guests. In the evening the Prince was the guest of Sir Edward and Lady Emyntre Malet at dinner. By order of the Crown Princess a selection of music was played on Friday morning under the windows of the Prince of Wales's apartments, the programme having been chosen by her Imperial Highness herself. The Prince arrived at the Luxembourg terminus at Brussels, at 1.30 p.m. last Saturday. The King of the Belgians, attended by an Aide-de-Camp and Lord Vivian, the British Minister at the Belgian Court, accompanied by the Secretaries of Legation, were there to receive him. After a most cordial welcome by the King, the Prince was driven to the Royal Palace, where he was welcomed by the Queen. Later in the afternoon the King, the Queen, and the Prince visited the Château of Lacken and the grounds there, with their admirable conservatories. After a Court dinner in the evening the King, Queen, and Prince went to the Opera, where the Chasseurs of the Brussels Civic Guards had arranged a charitable performance for the benefit of the families of the victims of the recent colliery accident at Quaregnon. The performance included the fourth act of "Sigurd." The house presented a brilliant appearance. On Sunday the Prince of Wales lunched with Lord and Lady Vivian. Among the distinguished guests at the Legation were the Prince de Chimay, Belgian Foreign Secretary, and Count Brandenburg, German Minister in Belgium. In the evening the Prince and the King and Queen of the Belgians dined with the Count of Flanders; and shortly after six o'clock his Royal Highness, accompanied by the King, the Count of Flanders, and Prince Baldwin, proceeded to the Southern Railway Station, where Lord Vivian and the staff of the British Legation were assembled in the waiting-room. After heartily shaking hands with his Majesty and the other distinguished personages present, the Prince entered the saloon, and the train started at 8.20 p.m. A large crowd had assembled at the station to witness his Royal Highness's departure. The Prince of Wales arrived at Marlborough House on Monday morning. His Royal Highness went to Windsor on a visit to the Queen. He lunched with her Majesty, and afterwards returned to London. On Tuesday evening the Prince witnessed the drama "Man and Wife" at the Haymarket Theatre.

The Princess of Wales and her three daughters took part in a concert at Brompton Consumption Hospital on Friday, last week, which was given for the entertainment of the patients. Last Sunday the Princess and her three daughters were present at Divine service.

The Prince and Princess went to Bloomsbury-square on Wednesday to open the new building of the College of Preceptors. The ceremony took place in the lecture-hall.

A new song set to Heine's lines "Im wunderschönen Monat Mai" by Princess Beatrice, has been issued by Messrs. Boosey and Co. Princess Beatrice, like her father, the Prince Consort, and her brothers, the late Duke of Albany and the Duke of Edinburgh, is an amateur musician of no mean powers.

Prince Francis of Teck was, on Thursday week, confirmed at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, the rite being performed by the Bishop of St. Albans, assisted by the Rev. Edgar Sheppard, Sub-Dean.

Last Saturday being the anniversary of the birth of the Duke of Cambridge, who was born on March 26, 1819, the bells of several of the West-End churches were rung, and flags were hoisted on the various public buildings. The band of the Grenadier Guards played a selection of music in the courtyard of St. James's Palace during the ceremony of mounting and changing the guard.

Mr. John Collier, of New-street, Birmingham, photographer to the Queen, supplied a number of views of Birmingham, which have aided us in the illustrations presented upon the occasion of the Queen's visit to that town.

The floral decorations of the Small Heath Station, where her Majesty was received by the Mayor and Mayoress of Birmingham, were furnished by Messrs. T. Hewitt and Co., of the Solihull Nurseries.

Last Saturday the first spring flower-show this year took place at the Crystal Palace, and attracted a large number of visitors. Considering the trying character of the season, the display was one of remarkable excellence.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, March 29.

The triple assassination of the Rue Montaigne has kept the public in a state of breathless curiosity all the week; and every detail concerning the attitude of the supposed murderer, Pranzini, has been eagerly devoured by the readers of the morning and evening papers. At present, there seems little doubt possible: it has been proved that Pranzini was in the rooms of Marie Regnault the night of the murder. This matter having been thus virtually settled, the Parisians are free to think about other matters—such, for instance, as the probability of a Ministerial crisis, which is considered by many politicians to be imminent. Then, we are looking forward to the ball which is to be given by the Municipal Council, at the Hôtel de Ville, next Saturday, and which is to inaugurate the spring season. But, as usual, the great Parisian event which has been talked and written about in advance is the reception at the French Academy of the poet Leconte De Lisle. The ceremony will take place on Thursday, and the poet will be received by Alexandre Dumas. It is many years since a reception at the Academy has excited so much curiosity, and the reason is to be found in the speech of M. Dumas, which is understood to be of exceptional importance and interest. In this speech M. Dumas not only criticises the work of Leconte De Lisle but particularly the work and literary personality of Victor Hugo. In fact, Hugo is now beginning to pay for the long and unmeasured apotheosis of which he was the hero during his lifetime. This reaction against Hugo was begun some years ago by Zola apropos of his dramatic works, and it has been continued recently in the press by critics like Jules Lemaitre and by less distinguished writers, whose cue is to magnify Lamartine at the expense of Hugo. The question of the true value of the work of Hugo, the so-called national poet, is at the present moment one of national interest in France, and it will be curious to know what will be the judgment of an independent and essentially "modern" critic like Alexandre Dumas.

Are actors citizens like other men, or are they socially and morally inferior? This question has been once more raised apropos of the decoration of the actor Févre, of the Comédie Française, to whom General Boulanger in person has recently given the cross of the Legion of Honour. Why? Evidently because Févre is an excellent actor and an ornament of his profession. And yet, in conformity with an absurd prejudice, official notices have been put in the papers announcing that the cross has been given to Févre because he has contributed largely to the French hospital at London. Thus, we must conclude that Févre has been decorated because he is a philanthropist, and although he is an actor.

The question of the suppression of betting continues to occupy the attention of the public and also of the Ministry. At Auteuil, at Vincennes, and at Longchamps the scene is the same: the tribunes are empty, the weighing-paddock deserted, and swarms of policemen have taken the place of the elegant company which used to resort there. On Sunday a dozen well-known Parisians were arrested for betting in the weighing-paddock at Longchamps. The receipts of the race-meetings since the issue of the new edict have diminished by £6000 sterling in comparison with the equivalent receipts of last year, and the general feeling is that the Government has made a mistake in interfering in the matter. This week a new arrangement is likely to be made: while prohibiting betting, the Government will recognise a sort of official sweepstakes or lottery called the "mutual bet," the organisation of which will be placed in the hands of the Jockey Club and of the other authorised horse-racing societies. Thus, after all, gambling will obtain an official and legal status in France.

What a terrible calamity it would be if the charming climate of Paris were to gradually change, and become subject to pea-soup fogs! During the past few years fogs have become quite frequent in Paris; every day the morning mist and the evening gloaming seem to grow heavier; this winter, policemen carrying torches might have been seen leading cab-horses along the main boulevards. This change is to be attributed to the increasing number of chimneys, steam boilers, and other apparatus where coal is burnt, and the evil is already of sufficient importance to have attracted the attention of the municipal authorities of Paris, who are studying the special treatises on city fogs by Tyndal, Aitken, and Dr. Carpenter. We shall doubtless soon have a set of regulations in Paris concerning smoke abatement, which will nip the nuisance in the bud, and save the Parisians of the future from darkness and respirators.

The French Crown jewels are finally to be brought to the hammer, and the sale is announced for May 12. The catalogue, printed at the Imprimerie Nationale, is already published, and the French Government hopes that the ladies of the whole world will vie with each other in disputing the possession of these treasures, which are destined so shortly to pass from the domain of Royalty into the domain of beauty.

Amongst the many new novels there is one worthy of special notice, *Flora Fuchs*, by Olivier Chantal. It is an episode of artistic life in Paris, very charmingly related. Olivier Chantal is the pseudonym of Madame De Nittis, the widow of the great painter, J. De Nittis.

T. C.

In the Spanish Cortes the Ministers on Monday admitted that conspiracies existed in Spain, but said the Government was aware of them, and watched them closely. Several arrests have been made.

The Empress of Germany, the members of the Crown Prince's family, and the Royal and Princely visitors, were present on Wednesday week at the performance of the ballet "Sardanapal" at the Opera House. Between the acts, tea was served in the "Foyer," which had been converted into a brilliant reception-room. On Thursday night the festivities at Berlin were concluded by a concert in the Emperor's Palace, for which 250 invitations were issued, and which his Majesty attended from beginning to end, afterwards conversing with his guests in his usual lively manner. The Emperor is steadily recovering from the somewhat severe cold which had confined him to bed for a day or two. His Majesty received 1648 telegrams of congratulation on his late birthday—1517 from Europe, 23 from Asia, 92 from America, 10 from Africa, and 6 from Australia. On Monday the Reichstag finally passed the Budget for the incoming financial year, and then adjourned for the Easter holidays till April 19.—Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Golden Legend" was performed in the Royal Opera House of Berlin last Saturday evening in the presence of several Royal personages.

The Emperor of Austria has conferred upon the Minister-President, Count Taaffe, the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Stephen; upon Dr. Dunajewska, Austrian Minister of Finance, the Grand Cross of the Leopold Order; and upon Dr. Gautsch, Minister of Public Instruction, the Order of the Iron Crown of the First Class.—Judgment has been delivered in the trial of the Anarchists charged with having conspired, in October last, to burn down Vienna from one end to the other. Thirteen of the accused were sentenced to terms of hard labour, varying from one to twenty years, while one was acquitted.

OBITUARY.

VISCOUNTESS STRANGFORD.

Emily Anne, Viscountess Strangford, died on board the steamship Lusitania, in the Mediterranean, on the 24th ult. Her Ladyship was the youngest daughter of the late Admiral Sir Francis Beaufort, K.C.B., F.R.S., and was married, Feb. 6, 1862, to Percy, last Viscount Strangford. In 1857, she and her sister travelled for some years in the East, and "Egyptian Sepulchres and Syrian Shrines," the result of these journeys, was published in 1860, and passed through several editions. It was this work which led to her marriage in 1862. Lord Strangford died in 1869, and in her widowhood Lady Strangford devoted herself to philanthropic objects, especially hospital nursing. To her the National Association for Providing Trained Nurses for the Sick Poor owes its origin. In 1876, through her exertions, a large sum of money for the relief of the Bulgarian peasants was raised, and in 1877 she founded a fund for the Turkish sick and wounded in the war with Russia. During the war, going to the front with her staff of nurses, she was made prisoner by the Russians. In 1882 she established the Victoria Hospital at Cairo, and, in recognition of these services, her Majesty conferred on Lady Strangford the distinction of the Red Cross.

SIR R. BATESON HARVEY, BART.

Sir Robert Bateson Harvey, Bart., of Langley Park, Bucks, J.P. and D.L., died on the 23rd ult., at his seat near Slough. He was born Aug. 17, 1825, the only son of the late Mr. Robert Harvey, of Langley Park, High Sheriff of Bucks in 1828, by Jane Jemima, his wife, daughter of Mr. J. R. Collins, of Hatch Court, Somerset; was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, and sat in Parliament as Conservative Member for Buckinghamshire from 1863 to 1868, and from 1874 to 1885. His only sister, Caroline, was the late Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos. Sir Robert married, first, Aug. 7, 1855, Diana Jane, second daughter of the Ven. Stephen Grey; and secondly, Jan. 21, 1874, Magdalene Breadalbane, widow of Mr. Alexander Anderson, and daughter of Sir John Pringle, Bart. By his first wife, who died in 1866, he leaves two sons and three daughters. The eldest son, now Sir Robert Grenville Harvey, second Baronet, of Langley Park, was born July 1, 1856.

SIR WILLIAM GRACE, BART.

Sir William Grace, third Baronet, whose death is just announced, was eldest son of Sir William Grace, second Baronet, and grandson of Mr. Richard Grace, M.P., of Boley, Queen's County, on whom and his issue the baronetcy, conferred in 1795 on his cousin, Richard Grace Gamon, of Minchenden, Middlesex, was entailed. The gentleman whose death we record succeeded his father, Jan. 27, 1841, and, having never married, is himself succeeded by his only surviving brother, now Sir Percy Raymond Grace, fourth Baronet, of Boley, Monkstown, near Dublin, J.P. and D.L., late Major Queen's County Royal Rifles; born, Aug. 11, 1831; who married, June 24, 1874, Margaret, youngest daughter of Mr. Valentine O'Brien O'Connor, of Dublin, D.L., and has one son, Valentine John Raymond, born Jan. 21, 1877. The family of Grace ranks amongst the earliest of the Anglo-Norman settlers in Ireland.

THE REV. J. P. LIGHTFOOT.

The Rev. John Prideaux Lightfoot, D.D., Rector of Exeter College, Oxford, died on his birthday, the 23rd ult. He graduated, First Class in Classics, at Exeter College, was made Fellow in 1824, and became Rector of Wootton in 1834. In 1833 he was appointed Honorary Canon of Peterborough, and in 1854 elected Rector of Exeter College. In 1863, when the Prince and Princess of Wales visited Oxford, Dr. Lightfoot, being then Vice-Chancellor of the University, entertained their Royal Highnesses. Dr. Lightfoot was much beloved. He married twice, and leaves issue. His eldest son, the Ven. Reginald Prideaux Lightfoot, M.A., is Archdeacon of Oakham.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. James Hamilton, of Castle Hamilton, in the county of Cavan, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff 1847, on the 28th ult.

Mr. James Robertson Bryant, J.P. and D.L. for Pembrokeshire, late Captain in the Castlemartin Yeomanry Cavalry, at his residence, St. Michael's-square, Pembroke, on the 19th ult., aged seventy-six.

Lady Frances Laura Bridgeman Simpson, wife of the Rev. William Bridgeman Simpson, M.A., Rector of Babworth, Notts, and third daughter of the fifth Earl Fitzwilliam, on the 25th ult. She was born Oct. 22, 1813; married, June 23, 1837; and leaves issue.

Surgeon-General William Rutherford, M.D., C.B., Honorary Physician to the Queen, on the 24th ult., aged seventy-one. He entered the Army as Assistant-Surgeon, in 1841, and retired as Surgeon-General, in 1876, after a distinguished career in India, the Crimea, and China.

Rev. William Lucas Collins, M.A., author of "Etoniana" and "Our Public Schools," and editor of "Ancient Classics for English Readers," recently, at his Rectory of Lowick, near Thrapstone. He was an Hon. Canon of Peterborough, and acted as Secretary to the Peterborough Diocesan Conference in 1882.

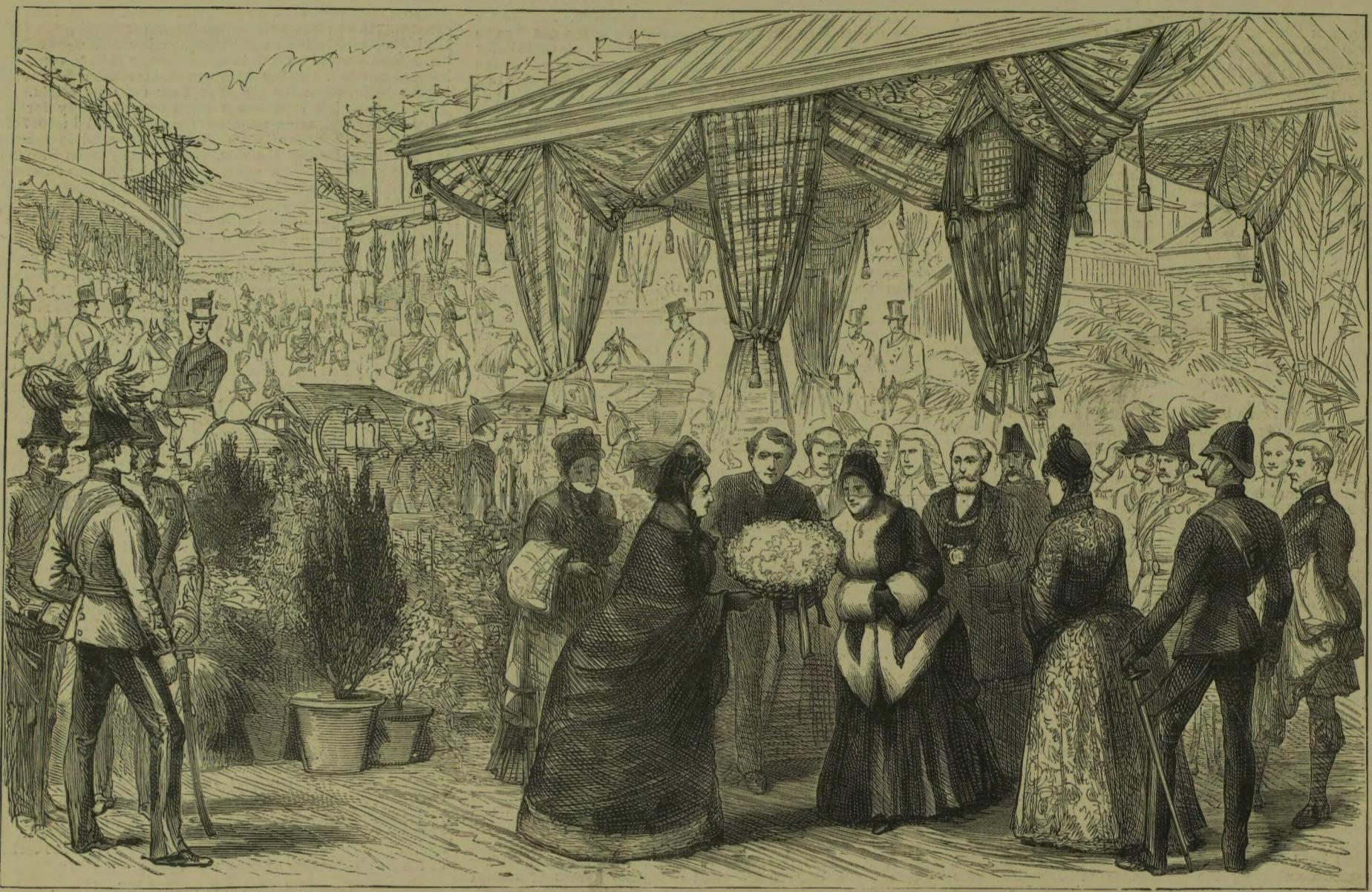
The Hon. Geraldine Augusta, Comtesse de Jarnac, widow of her cousin, Philippe Ferdinand Auguste de Rohan Chabot, Comte de Jarnac, for some time Ambassador from France at the Court of St. James's, on the 23rd ult., in her seventy-eighth year. She was second daughter of Thomas, third Lord Foley, by Lady Cecilia Olivia Geraldine, his wife, daughter of the second Duke of Leinster.

Mr. Vincent Anthony Eyre, of Lindley Hall, in the county of Leicester, and Newbold, in the county of Derby, on the 22nd ult., in his seventy-ninth year. He was eldest son of the late Mr. Vincent Henry Eyre, of Highfield and Newbold, High Sheriff of Derbyshire, and nephew of the late Count Eyre; was twice married, first to Jane Frances, daughter of Mr. Edward Huddleston, of Sawston, and secondly, to the Hon. Margaret Frances, eldest daughter of Edward, thirteenth Viscount Gormanston.

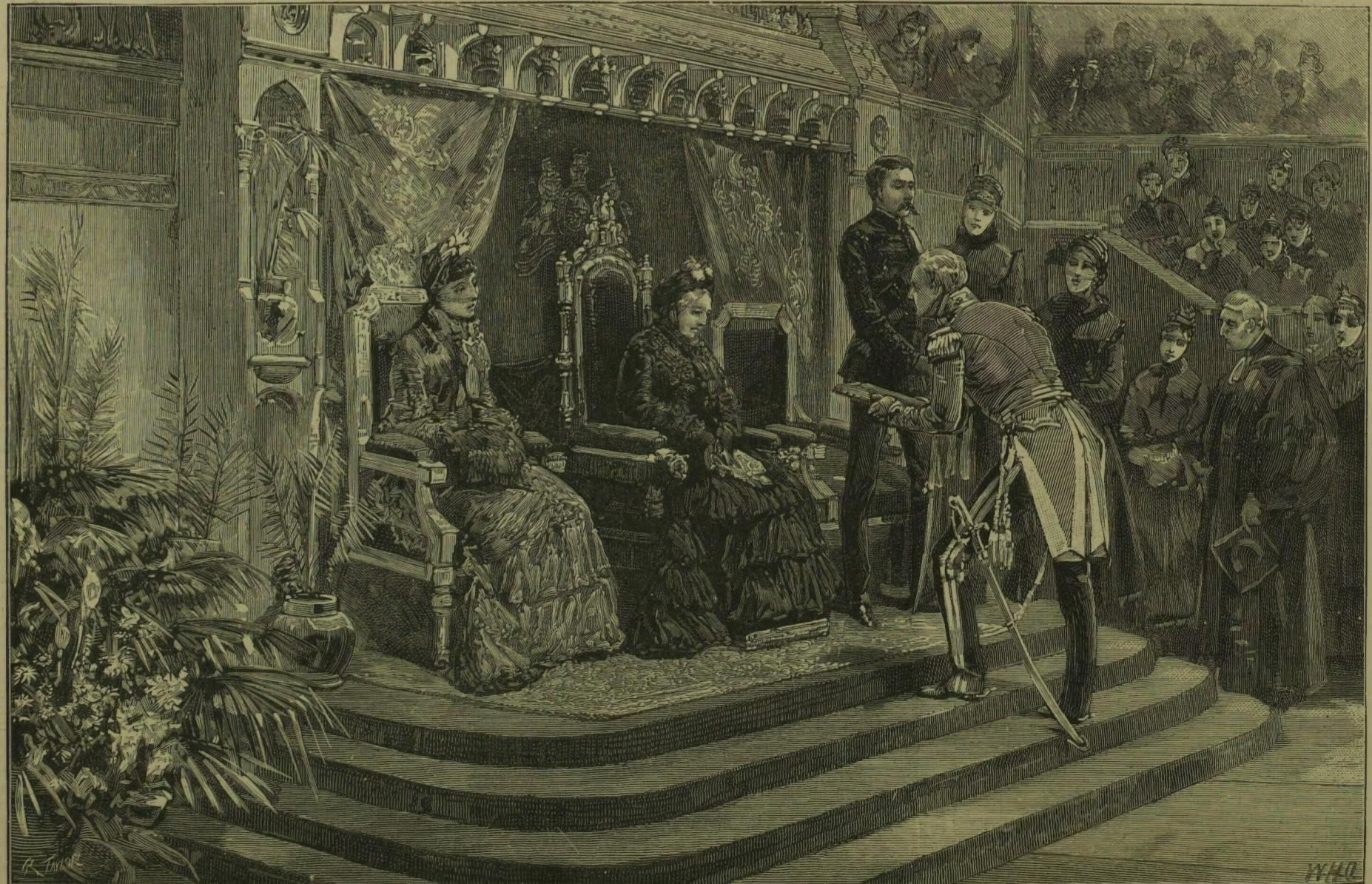
Father Ryan appeared in the Dublin Bankruptcy Court on Tuesday, and, on his refusing to answer any questions relating to Thomas Moroney's bankruptcy, was committed to prison for contempt.

On Tuesday the annual meeting of the Royal Normal College of the Blind was held at Grosvenor House by permission of the Duke of Westminster, who presided, and stated that the £1600 handed over to the institution by the Fawcett Memorial Committee would be employed with some £1800 more, part of which had been promised, in providing a suitable playground for the college. Mr. Mundella, Lord Stalbridge, Mrs. Henry Fawcett, Dr. Bradenell Carter, and Herr Joachim took part in the proceedings.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO BIRMINGHAM.



RECEPTION AT THE SMALL HEATH STATION: THE MAYORESS PRESENTING THE QUEEN WITH A BOUQUET.



PRESENTATION OF ADDRESSES IN THE TOWNHALL.

THE QUEEN AT OLYMPIA.



YOUNG LIONS INTRODUCED TO HER MAJESTY.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The performance of last Thursday week (which occurred too late for notice until now) brought back—after an absence of some three years—Madame Minnie Hauk, who re-appeared as Carmen in the late Georges Bizet's opera so named. The impersonation is one in which Madame Hauk achieved special success in previous London performances of the opera, several other great stage vocalists having been associated with the same character. The effect produced by Madame Hauk last week may compare with that of any former occasion. The impetuous, passionate, jealous, and vindictive gipsy girl was rendered to the life, and the music of the part was finely sung. Signor Ravelli, as José, sang and acted with much dramatic power, in spite of the fatigue induced by his having been engaged in every performance since the beginning of Mr. Mapleson's season. Signor Del Puente gave the same excellent representation of the gay and reckless Toreador that has been a special feature in many previous performances of "Carmen." Other details of last week's cast call for no specific mention, with the exception of the very skilful dancing of Mdlle. Hayten in some interpolated ballet action.

A new tenor was added to the company on Saturday evening—a timely addition, considering the undue strain that has been put on Signor Ravelli. The new-comer is Signor Caylus, whose first appearance here was made in the title-character of "Faust"; an arduous essay for a débutant to make in a locality where some excellent artists have appeared in the same part. Signor Caylus has a pleasing personal appearance, and manifested some good vocal qualities (especially in the love-duets with Margherita); but nervousness evidently interfered with their adequate display, and opinions on his merits must therefore be deferred to a future occasion. As Margherita, Mdlle. Nordica quite maintained the favourable impression made by her in previous performances. Margherita's music was rendered by her with great effect; in the tenderness of the love-music, the brilliancy of the jewel-song, and the pathos of the cathedral and prison scenes. Signor Del Puente repeated his well-known impressive performance as Valentino; and Signor Vetta, who appeared as Mephistopheles in sudden replacement of Signor Foli, must be exempt from criticism under that disadvantageous circumstance. As Siebel, Mdlle. Borghi sang with earnestness, if without any special charm; and Madame Lablache was a good representative of Marta.

For Monday evening, a repetition of "Carmen" was announced, and on Tuesday Auber's "Fra Diavolo" was given, with the second appearance this season of Mdlle. Fohstrom, who, on this occasion, sustained the character of Zerlina, in which she acted with much grace and naïveté, and sang with excellent effect, particularly in the aria at the beginning of the bed-room scene, which was given with bright and fluent vocalisation, and good command of the higher soprano register. Signor Ravelli gave Fra Diavolo's music very effectively, particularly the declamatory scene at the opening of the last act. Signor Ciampi repeated his well-known broad caricature of the travelling Englishman, Lord Koburg; the characters of the brigands, Beppo and Giacomo, were well filled, respectively, by Signor Del Puente and Signor Miranda; and Madame Lablache as Lady Koburg, and Signor Biletti as Loranzo, were satisfactory representatives thereof. The interpolated ballet action included some very skilful dancing by Mdlle. Hayten and Mdlle. Pattie. Signor Logheder again conducted ably. Repetition performances were announced for Thursday, Friday, and this (Saturday) evening.

The second concert of the Philharmonic Society's seventy-fifth season took place at St. James's Hall last Thursday week, when a concertante quartet, for oboe, clarinet, horn, and bassoon—attributed to Mozart—was performed, the soloists having been Messrs. Lebon, Clinton, Mann, and Wotton. The composition is pleasing in its melodiousness, but has signs of being a very early production of Mozart's, if, indeed, it be by him, of which there is considerable doubt. Mdlle. Nordica sang Handel's "Let the bright seraphim" (trumpet obbligato by Mr. Ellis) and the bravura aria from "Il Flauto Magico" with special success. Herr Auer played Mendelssohn's violin concerto with brilliant execution; and the orchestral selection included the Scandinavian symphony of Mr. F. H. Cowen, by whom the whole concert was conducted, in the absence of Sir Arthur Sullivan.

The Sacred Harmonic Society closed its season, at St. James's Hall yesterday (Friday) week, with a performance of Sir Michael Costa's "Eli." The occasion had an interest as being a tribute to the memory of the late composer, who was conductor of the society (under its previous organisation) during many years when the performances were given at Exeter Hall. "Eli," the earlier of Sir M. Costa's two great oratorios, was composed for the Birmingham Festival of 1855, and contains much effective music in the bright and florid Italian style. The principal solos in last week's performance were well rendered by Miss P. Cramer, Madame Patey, Mr. B. McGuckin, and Mr. Santley. The choral music was generally well sung, with the exception of a false start in one of the choruses of the first part. Mr. Cummings occupied his accustomed post as conductor.

The Crystal Palace Saturday afternoon concerts are approaching the termination of their thirty-first series, seventeen of the twenty performances having taken place. The sixteenth concert included an orchestral symphony, composed by M. Widor, which was brought forward for the first time here. The composer has recently obtained celebrity at Paris (where he is organist of the Church of St. Sulpice) by various works in several forms, the symphony now referred to being among the latest. It consists of the usual four divisions, in each of which there is some pleasant if not very powerful writing, with a prevailing brightness of tone and distinctive French character, some influence of the modern German style, however, being perceptible in the elaborate "Adagio" and elsewhere. Perhaps the most satisfactory movement is the "Andante con moto," with its attendant trio. Max Bruch's first violin concerto, and Tartini's "Il Trillo di Diavolo," finely played by Dr. Joachim, vocal solos rendered by Miss A. Mullen, and other familiar pieces, were included in the same programme, which also comprised Mr. H. Gadsby's effective orchestral work, "The Forest of Arden" (first performed at a Philharmonic concert last year). The seventeenth Saturday afternoon concert at the Crystal Palace (last week) comprised Beethoven's music to Goethe's "Egmont," and Felicien David's symphonic ode, "The Desert." The solo vocalists were Miss H. Coward, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Kilby, Mr. Houghton, and two students of the Royal College of Music—Mr. Manns having conducted. The works referred to require no fresh comment now.

The London Academy of Music—so ably directed by Dr. Wyld—gave a public concert at St. James's Hall on Tuesday afternoon, when the progress of the students was satisfactorily manifested in various performances, vocal and instrumental. Among the solo vocalists may be mentioned Misses L. Ferrari and L. Dufour; and among the instrumental soloists Misses F. Henderson, Hyman, and C. Lowndes (pianoforte), and Miss

J. Hudson and C. Munday (violin), others having also contributed to the proofs of the efficient course of study pursued at the London Academy of Music.

The Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind held its annual meeting at Grosvenor House on Tuesday afternoon, when the choral singing of the students, and the skilful pianoforte-playing of Mr. Hollins, proved the good results of the training in these respects. Manifestations of other courses of study were successfully given. Dr. Joachim contributed to the musical portion of the programme. At the same time Mr. F. H. Cowen's song-recital took place at Steinway Hall, and included the first performance of some charming new vocal compositions—a trio for female voices and a cycle of songs—these and other pieces having proved highly effective. The vocalists were Misses L. Phillips, M. Davies, M. McKenzie, and Damian; Mrs. Hutchinson, Madame Fassett; Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. F. King.

Mr. F. Corder's cantata "The Bridal of Trierman" (produced at last year's Wolverhampton Festival) was successfully reproduced, on Tuesday, at the Bow and Bromley Institute.

Miss Alice Aloof gave a recital of vocal and instrumental music at Brixton Hall on Tuesday evening.

The Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall will close their season, next Monday, with the one-thousandth performance; after which, a testimonial will, as already stated, be presented to the excellent director, Mr. S. Arthur Chappell. Since our last notice of these concerts, Herr Kwast has made a successful appearance as solo pianist.

Miss Agnes Zimmermann gave a pianoforte recital on Thursday afternoon at Prince's Hall.

This week's music included the first of a new series of performances by Mr. Henry Leslie's choir at St. James's Hall. The programme comprised some fine specimens of old madrigals. Of the performances we must speak next week.

Novello's Oratorio Concerts closed their present series of six concerts at St. James's Hall this week with a performance of Gounod's Oratorio "Mors et Vita," to which we must refer next week.

The Hyde Park Academy of Music began a series of three concerts—supported by past and present students—at Steinway Hall, on Thursday, with a well-varied vocal programme.

The Royal Academy of Music gave a Students' Orchestral Concert at St. James's Hall yesterday (Friday) evening—too late for present notice.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's cantata "The Golden Legend" was produced at the Royal Opera House, Berlin, last Saturday evening, under the direction of the composer, and in the presence of members of the Royal family and other distinguished personages. The success of the work was partially hindered by the inefficiency of some of the solo performances. A second hearing was appointed for to-day (Saturday), with the advantage of the co-operation of Madame Albani, in the important music of Elsie, so admirably sung by her in the English performances of the cantata.

Three concerts of wind-instrument chamber-music have been organised, to take place at the Royal Academy of Music on the evening of April 22, May 6 and 27, the pianoforte occasionally being one of the concerted instruments. The names of the principal artists—Mr. Svendsen, flute; Mr. Horton, oboe; Mr. Lazarus, clarinet; Mr. Mann, horn; and Mr. Wotton, bassoon—are guarantees of excellence in these respects. The pianists and vocalists will be students of the Royal Academy of Music selected by the Principal.

THE QUEEN AT OLYMPIA.

The visit of her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg, and by the children of the Duke of Connaught and of the late Duke of Albany, to the Paris Hippodrome at "Olympia," West Kensington, on Saturday, the 19th ult., was described in our last. After the equestrian performances and other exhibitions in the arena, the Queen, with her daughter and son-in-law and her little grandchildren, was conducted all round the vast range of buildings, and inspected the stables and harness-rooms, and the dens or cages of the foreign animals, under the guidance of M. Honcke, director of the Paris Hippodrome, and of Mr. F. S. Vincent, secretary to the National Agricultural Hall Company. At the elephants' den, her Majesty spoke to Mr. Lockhart, the trainer of "Jock" and "Jenny," and gave food to those docile beasts, whose tricks and gambols on the see-saw board had greatly amused the Royal children. In the lions' den was a litter of cubs, born only ten days before, and of course perfectly harmless, which were brought out in a basket, and one of them, carried like a baby, was introduced to the Queen, who fondled and caressed it as readily as if it had been an ordinary cat. The Royal youngsters, Prince Arthur of Connaught, Princess Margaret of Connaught, and Princess Alice of Albany, were naturally delighted at the opportunity of making such near acquaintance with the young lions. Two of these children, indeed, whose parents are now in India, a country where the king of beasts may be found roaming his native jungle, and has there been hunted by their Royal papa and their Royal uncle the Prince of Wales, would be likely to take particular interest in the animals, one of which they might wish to take home for a nursery pet.

Official notice is given that the State apartments at Windsor Castle will be open to the public after Wednesday next, under the usual regulations.

The Earl of Hopetoun has accepted the office of Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

Mr. Waldo Story and Mr. Theodore Roussel have been elected members, and Mr. Charles Keen, honorary member, of the Incorporated Society of British Artists.

The seventieth volume of Cassell's National Library, to be published on the 25th inst., will consist of Mr. Coventry Patmore's "Angel in the House."

Dr. B. Arcedeckne Duncan, M.D., M.R.C.P., having served for twenty-five years on the medical staff of the National Heart Hospital, Soho-square, has been appointed consulting physician to that institution.

At a full meeting of the Clapham Vestry on Thursday week, a letter was read from the Rev. G. Forrester, Vicar of St. Paul's, Clapham, stating that one of his parishioners, who preferred to withhold his name, was willing to give £2000 towards a free library for Clapham. It was resolved to take a poll of the parish to see if the Free Libraries Act should be adopted.

The Governors of Queen Anne's Bounty, at their meeting last week, made their annual distribution of surplus income in grants to meet benefactions on behalf of poor benefices in England and Wales. The benefices selected for augmentation were seventy-four in number, ranging in value from nil to £200 per annum. The total amount of grants promised was £18,200, and the value of the benefactions offered to obtain such grants was £21,870 7s.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

It is understood that her Majesty has commanded the attendance of all the members of the Royal family upon the occasion of her Jubilee celebration. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, who are at Malta, will come to England at the end of May; and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who are in India, will arrive in England in the first week in June.

Mr. Boehm has completed the clay model of the statue of the Queen which is to be placed on the Castle Hill, Windsor, in commemoration of the Jubilee year of her Majesty's reign. It has been sent to the foundry to be cast, and will be ready for unveiling by June 22. The fund for commemorating the Jubilee at Windsor now amounts to over £5000, and the present arrangements are that her Majesty will arrive at Windsor on June 22, and will then unveil the statue.

At a meeting of the Mansion House Committee of the fund to aid the Imperial Institute, on Monday, the fund was reported to amount to £19,236, of which £6664 was for the Imperial Institute exclusively; £8800 would also go to it, leaving £3771 for the Commercial Museum. Baron De Stern has promised to contribute, through the Lord Mayor's fund, a sum of £1000 to the Imperial Institute; and among other donors have been Mr. James Matthew, who contributed £100; Messrs. R. and H. Parnall and Co., £52 10s.; the Duchess of Grafton, £25; Mr. H. J. Jourdain, C.M.G., £26 5s.; and Messrs. Hurst and Son, £21.

A correspondent from Ruabon states that a cheque for £500 was on Saturday received from the Marquis of Bute towards the Jubilee building about to be erected at Treforest for the children of St. Michael's Home.

Lord Winmarleigh presided over a meeting held last Saturday at Preston, to consider what measures should be adopted to promote the interests of the Imperial Institute; and an influential committee was formed to raise funds.

A Jubilee gift to the town of Buckingham was made yesterday week, in the presentation by Mr. J. G. Hubbard, M.P., and Mrs. Hubbard, of a new nursing home, costing about £4000.

Mr. J. J. Norton, of Poole, some time ago offered £1000 towards the erection of a free library there, in celebration of the Queen's Jubilee. He has now decided to carry the whole thing out himself, at a cost of £2500.

A ball will take place at the Inner Temple on May 24, in honour of her Majesty's birthday. All members of the Inn will be invited to attend.

Sir John Neeld has given a valuable site in the centre of the town of Chippenham for the erection of a library and scientific institute and school of art in commemoration of her Majesty's Jubilee.

A meeting was on Monday held at Wolverhampton to decide what steps should be taken to celebrate the Jubilee. The Mayor, Mr. T. Vincent Jackson, presided. Several resolutions were unanimously adopted, the effect of which is that a committee has been appointed, with the Mayor as chairman and treasurer, and the Town Clerk as secretary, to formulate a scheme for the celebration, such scheme to include the provision of a local memorial as a permanent record in commemoration of the Jubilee, a contribution to the Imperial Institute, and local public rejoicings and festivities.

At a meeting held at Accrington, on Monday, it was resolved to build a cottage hospital in commemoration of the Jubilee.

At a meeting of the inhabitants of Rochester, held in the Guildhall on Monday, it was unanimously decided to celebrate the Jubilee by a general public holiday, the illumination of Rochester Castle by the electric light, the establishment of a free library and museum, and the restoration of the ancient city cross.

In celebration of the Jubilee, the Local Government Board are contemplating the issue of a general order to the guardians of the poor throughout the United Kingdom sanctioning, on June 21, a departure from the prescribed dietary for the inmates of workhouses, and the substitution, at the option and discretion of the local authorities, of a substantial meal, similar to that which is customary on Christmas Day.

It is expected that the Royal Jubilee Review for Scotland will be fixed for Coronation Day (Tuesday), June 28, and that an endeavour will be made to assemble in the Queen's Park at Edinburgh the whole of the regular and auxiliary forces of the Northern Kingdom, including all the militia corps up for training at the time. A muster of over 41,000 Volunteers is anticipated, in addition to regulars, militia, and yeomanry.

It is in contemplation at the War Office to enlarge the proportion of the Queen's Volunteer review in London on July 2, so as to include many regiments from all parts of England, and in that case the small space in front of Buckingham Palace, where it has been proposed that her Majesty shall see the metropolitan corps march past, will have to be abandoned for a more extensive site.

The Hon. Duncan Gillies, Premier of Victoria, has issued a circular inviting the local authorities to raise funds for the Imperial Institute; and Sir Julius Vogel, Colonial Treasurer of New Zealand, has issued a circular to the authorities of the various towns inviting them to raise subscriptions in aid of the Imperial Institute.

Tuesday's *Gazette* contained a Royal proclamation prohibiting the importation of foreign coins other than gold and silver.

At the annual meeting of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, on Tuesday, Mr. Gladstone was unanimously re-elected president.

The 500th anniversary of the foundation of Winchester College was celebrated last Saturday at the college, where there was a large gathering from all parts of the country.

Easter being at hand, Mr. W. H. Cremer, junior, of Regent-street, is to the fore, as usual, with Easter eggs, supplemented this year by some bonbons.

The first turf of the Plymouth, Devonport and South-Western Junction Railway was cut on Tuesday afternoon near Tavistock. The line is an extension of the narrow-gauge system from Lidford to Plymouth and Devonport.

Sir George Trevelyan, on Tuesday, opened the seventh annual Loan Exhibition of Pictures at the St. Jude's School-rooms, Whitechapel, and made some observations on the position of art in this country.

The past week's arrivals of live stock and fresh meat at Liverpool, from American and Canadian ports, amounted to 745 cattle, 90 sheep, 12,219 quarters of beef, and 50 carcases of mutton.

Eleven corps of Volunteers from some of the principal public schools of England took part in the first review of the season on the Fox Hills yesterday week. There was a stubbornly contested fight, which ended without any decisive result.

Thirty-four gentlemen submitted their names to the Government for the important colonial appointment of Government Professor of Agriculture, South Australia; and from these Sir A. Blyth has selected for the post Mr. H. H. McMinnies, of the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 5, 1884) of Sir Charles Douglas, K.C.M.G., formerly M.P. for Warwick and afterwards for Banbury, late of No. 27, Wilton-crescent, who died on Feb. 21 last, was proved on the 22nd ult. by Greville Charles Douglas, the son, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £40,000. The testator leaves legacies to friends and servants, and the residue of his estate to his said son.

Letters of Administration of the personal estate of the Right Hon. Annie, Viscountess Cardwell, late of No. 74, Eaton-square, who died on Feb. 20 last intestate, were granted on the 18th ult. to Harry Rainey Parker, the nephew, and one of the persons entitled in distribution to her personal estate. The value of the personal estate amounts to over £13,000.

The will (dated Dec. 5, 1885) of Mr. Alfred Goslett, J.P., late of No. 26, Soho-square, plate-glass merchant, and of West Hill, Highgate, who died on Dec. 7 last, was proved on the 15th ult., by Mrs. Sarah Goslett, the widow, Edward Maynard William Goslett, the son, and Bentley James Bridgewater, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £68,000. The testator bequeaths £500, and all his jewellery, wines, furniture, plate, pictures, books, musical and philosophical instruments, effects, and the horses and carriages at his private residence, to his wife; his residence and £2500 per annum to his wife, for life; and two or three other legacies. The residue of his property, including his share in the partnership business, goodwill, stock-in-trade and moneys, he leaves to his said son.

The will (dated March 21, 1883) of Mrs. Elizabeth Salisbury Heywood, late of Summerfield, Bowdon, Cheshire, who died on Jan. 11 last, has been proved at the Chester District Registry by Mr. Alderman Abel Heywood, of Manchester, the husband, George Washington Heywood, and Leicester Collier, the nephew, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £38,000. The testatrix gives her painting of "The Allegorical Marriage of Catherine de' Medici," by Rubens, and two other pictures, to the Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses of Salford, to be placed in the Peel Park Museum; "Angels Adoring," by Northcote, two other pictures, and some statuettes and bronzes, to the Mayor, Aldermen, and citizens of Manchester for the Fine-Art Gallery; £10,000 to Owens College, Manchester, to be invested separately from its other funds, and to be called the "Elizabeth Salisbury Heywood Endowment," the income to be applied in the instruction of women and girls; £500 to the Manchester Academy of Fine Arts; £200 each to the Manchester Schools for the Deaf and Dumb, Henshaw's Asylum for the Blind, Manchester, and St. Mary's Hospital and Dispensary, Quay-street, Manchester; £100 to the Governesses' Institution and Home, Bloomsbury, Chorlton-in-Medlock; £50 to the Manchester Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; certain lands and tenements to her nephew, Leicester Collier; and numerous pecuniary and specific legacies to relatives and others. Among the specific legacies may be noted the gift to her husband of the diamond and emerald bracelet presented to her by Mohammed Said, formerly Viceroy of Egypt. As to the residue of her property, she leaves one moiety to her said nephew, Leicester Collier, and the other moiety to her husband.

The will (dated Aug. 15, 1878), with three codicils (dated June 16, 1880, and Feb. 9 and March 4, 1885), of Mr. Henry Mill Bunbury, late of Marlston House, Berks, who died on Dec. 27 last, was proved on the 11th ult. by William George Mount and Edward Wollaston Knocker, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £38,000. The testator leaves a sum of £30,000, in settlement, to his wife, Mrs. Ellen Elizabeth Tennyson Bunbury; £1000, free of legacy duty, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then as an endowment fund for repairing and maintaining Marlston Chapel; all his freehold, copyhold, and leasehold estates, upon trust, to pay an annuity of £150 to his sister, Mrs. Anne Elizabeth Versturme, and another annuity of £60, and subject thereto for his wife, for life. At his wife's death, he leaves the Marlston Estate, and certain purchased estates, to the use of his nephew, Hutton Versturme, for life, with remainder to his eldest son, for life, with remainder to the first and other sons of his eldest son successively, according to seniority in tail male; and the remainder of his purchased estates to be sold, and the proceeds divided between his cousins, Charles Bunbury, Thomas Bunbury, Elizabeth Countess Jasinska, and Alicia Countess Jasinska. The Cronevanan estate, county Carlow, he settles on his cousin Philip Bunbury. He bequeaths his wines and certain furniture and effects to his wife; his plate and pictures to his wife, for life, and then to go as heirlooms with the Marlston estate; the remainder of his furniture and effects to her for life, and then to the person who on her death shall first become entitled to the Marlston estate; and some other legacies. The residue of his estate he gives to his wife.

The will (dated March 31, 1883), with two codicils (dated March 28, 1885, and April 7, 1886), of Mr. Francis Barlow, late of No. 48, Montagu-square, who died on Feb. 1 last, was proved on the 7th ult. by the Rev. John Mount Barlow, the brother, and Eustace Hepburn Barlow, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £37,000. The testator devises all his manors, messuages, lands, tenements, and hereditaments being freehold of inheritance at Acomb and Riccall, Yorkshire, to his brother John Mount Barlow, for life, with remainder to his nephews, the sons of his said brother, successively, according to seniority in tail male. His copyhold property at the same places, and also the reversion to certain moneys he became entitled to by the death of his son, are settled in a similar way. He bequeaths £3000 each to his daughter-in-law, Lady Harriet Barlow, and to his brothers, John Mount and Frederick; and legacies to relatives, servants, and others. The residue of his property he gives to his said brother, the Rev. John Mount Barlow.

The will (dated June 11, 1883) of Admiral Sir George Nathaniel Broke-Middleton, Bart., J.P., D.L., C.B., late of Broke Hall, and Shrubland Park, Suffolk, who died on Jan. 14 last, was proved on the 24th ult. by Horace Broke, John Edward Levison Gower, and Willoughby John Guthrie Loudon, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £20,000. The testator charges Bramford Hall, the Bramford estate, and all other his real estate in Suffolk or elsewhere, with £1000 per annum in favour of his wife, Dame Albinia Maria Broke-Middleton; and subject thereto he devises the same to the use of his niece, Frederica Broke, for life, with remainder to her first and other sons successively, according to seniority in tail general. His copyhold and leasehold property is settled in a similar manner. In the event of his niece succeeding to the Shrubland estate under the will of Sir William Fowle Fowle Middleton, he settles all the said property on his cousin, Horace Broke. Certain pictures formerly at Bramford Hall, and other articles, including the figure-heads of the Shannon and Chesapeake frigates, are to be held as heirlooms with Bramford Hall. He bequeaths his furniture, plate, the remainder of his effects, horses and carriages, live and dead stock, and £500, to his wife; and other pecuniary and

specific legacies. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then to go with his settled real estate.

The will (dated March 31, 1873) of Dame Henrietta Mary Rokewode Gage, late of Hengrave Hall, Suffolk, who died on Jan. 6 last at Bath, was proved on the 23rd ult. by the Rev. Henry Gladwin Jebb, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £10,000. The testatrix devises the Hengrave estate, and all other her hereditaments and real estate, to the use of the Right Hon. Valentine Augustus, Earl of Kenmare, for life, with remainder to his second son, the Hon. Cecil Augustine Browne, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons, successively, according to seniority in tail male. All persons succeeding to the estate, other than the Earl of Kenmare, are to take the name of Gage and the arms of that family; and there is a gift over in the event of any person entitled to such estate (other than the said Earl of Kenmare) succeeding to the title and dignity of Earl of Kenmare. Every person becoming entitled in possession to the said estate is requested to pay £80 per annum towards the maintenance of the Roman Catholic priest at Lawshall, Suffolk. The priest's house at Lawshall, copyhold of the manor of Lawshall, she gives to the Earl of Kenmare and Basil Thomas Fitzherbert. She leaves £500 to her bailiff, Alfred Lawrence; her pictures and a sideboard at her town residence, and £1000, to her nephew, Frederick Beauclerk; her enamelled and diamond bracelet and the pictures, plate, furniture, books, and effects at Hengrave Hall to go as heirlooms therewith; and the remainder of her jewellery to her niece and god-daughter, Henrietta Beauclerk. The residue of her copyhold, leasehold, and personal property is settled upon trusts corresponding with the uses declared of her real estate.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF SIAM.

The kingdom of Siam, one of the East Asiatic native monarchies that still promise a fair development of orderly civilisation, was until lately ruled by a Supreme King and a Second or Under King, both members of the same Royal family. The latter, whose official title was the Phra Maha Uparaj, a dignity created about four hundred years ago, died in the year before last; and it was then resolved to abolish the office, which was associated with the chief administrative control of the civil service, while the higher affairs of State are under the immediate direction of the Supreme King. It has seemed good, however, in the councils of his Majesty Somdet Phra Paramindr Maha Chulangkorn to bestow the second dignity of the realm upon his eldest son, the Crown Prince and heir apparent, who will not be Phra Maha Uparaj, that office being now finally abolished, but will hold the rank of Phra Parama Orasadhiraj, next to the King himself. This young Prince, Somdet Phra Chow Fah Maha Vajirunhis, whose portrait we give, is but nine years old; and the religious ceremony of his confirmation, with the prescribed rites of Siamese Buddhist observance, called the "Sacred Water Purification," was performed on Jan. 14, at Bangkok, the capital city, with great pomp and magnificence. We are indebted to Mr. T. Lloyd Williams, editor of the *Bangkok Times*, for sending us, with the interesting report in that journal, a series of photographs taken by Mr. W. K. Loftus, of Bangkok, showing the brilliant and animated scenes that took place upon the occasion, varied through several days of ceremonial parade and festivity, with processions from the Royal Palace to the Temple, and deputations from the different races of people tributary to the Siamese King. Besides the holy-water rite, performed in the sacred waters of the Menam, there were the candle ceremony, the Bhamavara rite, the recitations of the priests, the fireworks, the stage-plays; and the seven days of actual ceremony were followed by a grand durbar and a general illumination.

THE LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

Lord George Hamilton, the First Lord of the Admiralty, presided at Willis's Rooms last Saturday at the annual meeting of the National Life-Boat Institution. The special interest of the occasion, as the result of the services of the life-boat crews during the winter and the calamities which occurred off the Lancashire coast, was shown by the attendance of a most distinguished company. Among the speakers were the Earl of Strafford, the Earl of Derby, Lord Charles Beresford, and Sir E. Birkbeck.

The annual report was read by Mr. Charles Dibdin, the secretary. It stated that the operations of the institution were actively carried on during the past year, during which more than usual anxiety was caused to the committee, the resources of the society having been at times unusually strained. In the year twenty new life-boats were placed on the coast. The committee were most anxious to adapt the life-boats to local requirements, and to meet as far as possible the wishes of the crews both as regarded the design of the boats and their equipment. The committee fully recognised that self-righting boats were not popular on some parts of the coast, and their desire was to provide boats in which the crews who so gallantly risked their lives had the most perfect confidence. At the end of the year the institution's fleet comprised 233 life-boats. Gales of remarkable force, notably during the months of October and December, devastated the coast in the year, and brought into bold relief the value of the life-boat service. The life-boats were launched on service on 286 occasions. Three were attended by fatal consequences, resulting in the loss of 28 valuable lives. The terrible life-boat catastrophe off Southport, which excited the sympathy of the whole country, was the worst that had ever befallen the life-boat service. Public subscriptions were opened for the relief of the widows and orphans of the gallant men who so heroically sacrificed their lives in endeavouring to save others, towards which the institution contributed liberally, and ample funds flowed in from all parts of the country. A special sub-committee was appointed early in January last to inquire into the self-righting properties of the boats of the institution, and, although their labours were not concluded, the sub-committee had made a report with many important recommendations. It had been resolved to offer a gold and a silver medal for drawings or models of a mechanically propelled life-boat best adapted to meet the conditions under which life-boats are called upon to perform their work; also a gold and a silver medal for models or drawings of a propelling power suitable for the self-righting boats of the institution. Last year the life-boats saved 601 lives and 33 vessels. Besides this, 160 lives were saved from shipwreck by shore-boats and other means, all of which services were rewarded by the institution, making up a total of 761 lives rescued during the year. Thirteen silver medals, 1 second service clasp, 32 binocular glasses, 35 votes of thanks on vellum, and £6630 were granted by the committee in rewards and grants to widows and orphans of life-boat men drowned on duty during the year. Altogether, from its foundation, the institution had voted 97 gold medals, 387 silver medals or silver clasps, 94 binocular glasses, 15 telescopes, and £93,500 in cash for saving 32,671 lives from shipwrecks on our coasts. The financial statement furnished full details of the items of receipt and expenditure. The subscriptions, donations, dividends, &c., amounted during the past year to £43,044. The total expenditure for the past year was £47,066.

Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein have promised their patronage to Mr. G. A. Sala's Lecture on Australia and New Zealand, at St. James's Hall, on May 11, in aid of the Royal Hospital for Children and Women, Waterloo-road, S.E.

The race across the Atlantic has been won by the yacht Coronet, which passed the winning spot at Roche's Point, near Queenstown, at ten minutes before one o'clock on Sunday afternoon, amid the cheers of an immense gathering of people, the vessel having been sighted off Kinsale two hours earlier. Nearly thirty hours after her competitor, the American yacht Dauntless arrived off Roche's Point on Monday afternoon. Like the Coronet, she experienced much heavy weather in crossing the Atlantic.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Artistic London has its two visiting Sundays just now—last Sunday for the "outsiders," next week for the Academicians. Great is the tidying up in studios for these occasions, and magnificent the efforts at decoration; for studios as a rule afford plenty of scope for such exertions in preparation to receive company. The gorgeous chambers—"so rich in black oak cabinets and stamped leather cushioned chairs, coloured marbles and mediæval armour, majolica vases and Venetian glass, with the crowning glory of a pair of marble fountains brought from Rome"—these sumptuous apartments exist only, or at all events mainly, in the vast imagination of a Miss Braddon or a "Ouida." The studio of real life, the workshop of the actual artist, is apt to be a big bare chamber almost or quite uncarpeted, and flooded with a cruelly keen light; with walls painted some pale tint that will at once reflect the sunshine, and not distract the eye of the painter from the scheme of colour on his canvas; and with paint-boxes and cleaning-rags and smudged palettes for bric-à-brac. But on "Studio Sunday" all that there is of prettiness is produced. The Eastern carpets and many-hued stuffs are hung against the walls; or, if they run short, strips of parti-coloured Indian matting may serve a turn. The rugs are laid on the floor; bowls of cut flowers are skilfully arranged, and growing plants are placed in pots of chased silver, or beaten brass, or artistically-tinted ware.

Then, the new works are placed and replaced on the easels till the most favourable and striking position is found. Sometimes, as in Mr. Herbert Schmalz's studio last Sunday, the easels are elegantly draped with cloth or with satin, to contrast or harmonise with the prevailing tint on the canvas. Mr. Schmalz's great picture this time is as long as a room wall, and crowded with figures of Saxon warriors, priests, and hand-maids—the bright blue sea sleeping in the sunshine, and a grass-clad promontory forming the background—while the central figure is that of the chieftainess, with her long fair hair floating down her back, demanding of the young warrior who bends before her, "Where is my Lord the King?" This was placed on an easel draped above and below with an aesthetic dark-green cloth. Mr. Schmalz's studio comes, in its reality, very near the word-sketches of fancy. It is a large room, the walls painted a delicate green; inside the door is placed a large porch of richly-carved black oak, from the top of which a palm bends over; tall bureaus in black and light oak, Eastern inlaid stools, dried palms upon the walls and fresh ones in pots on every hand, make up a really artistic and charming chamber. The great feature of Mr. Val Prinsep's was the carved oak gallery running along one side, and filled with "properties," while a handsome Worcester tea-service in blue and gold, for show, not use, stood on a side-table. Mr. Tristram Ellis had a tea-table presided over by a handsome woman in Eastern garb for a main accessory to his show of charming sea-pictures of the north coast of Ireland. Miss Henrietta Rae and her husband, Mr. Normand, discarded most adventitious aids to effect to make room for their four large pictures—her two daring and effective studies of the undraped female figure, and his portraits of Mr. Routledge's daughters and an Egyptian harem scene—but some looking-glass and Cairene carved work gave character to the room. Mr. Solomon adopted an idea from the last British Artists' Exhibition, and reflected the light on to his vast and powerful, if rather slapdash, picture of "Samson Entrapped," by means of a drapery covering the whole centre of the chamber like an awning.

The Teachers' Guild of Great Britain, an association of men and women teachers of higher schools, have been holding their annual conference in London this week; and I was present at a special gymnastic display given before the guild at the Albany-street Gymnasium by the members of Herr Stemple's ladies' and children's classes, as well as by his gentlemen pupils. The children came first in the programme. They were led, in their marching exercises, by the little daughter of Sir William Brierly, a beautiful golden-haired maiden of some twelve summers; and amongst the most active and interested of her small followers were two of Lord and Lady John Manners's little daughters, pretty children, with long fair hair down their backs, and fringes cut square over their brows. Boys and girls are together in the juvenile class, and I was much amused to note that in all the features of the programme the girls were the announced leaders. After the marching, led by Miss Brierly, came the storming board (jumping over a rope from a spring-board), which was led by Miss Robins; and then climbing a rope 32 ft. long from floor to ceiling, which was led by Miss B. Edis, one of the little daughters of the well-known F.S.A. Nor was this leadership by girls merely a piece of chivalry or courtesy on the part of Herr Stemple; the girls were distinctly the best of the pupils. Four of each sex climbed the rope, and the girls went more lightly, rapidly, and easily than the boys; while in the jumping, when those who failed in one were debarred from attempting the next higher leap, it came at last to be girls only in the running. The juveniles' programme ended with a "tug of war," twelve girls against twelve boys, in which the latter were ignominiously defeated. It is very amusing to see that the strength and gymnastic ability of girls and boys is so equal. It shows that probably the great discrepancy that there is in the physical capacities of men and women depends more than we guess upon differences in clothing and habits.

The ladies' class had in it several ladies whose names or whose families would be well known, but I suppose I should not mention these; so I will only say that the three assistant-mistresses, Miss C. Wilson, Miss Kempster, and Miss Wilke, were generally admired, even by practised amateur gymnasts, for the skill and elegance with which they performed their various parts as leaders. The ladies wear a costume consisting of blue flannel knickerbockers, blue flannel tunic reaching to the knee, put into a cardinal yoke at the neck and belted with a cardinal sash; and white canvas shoes without any heels. They went through an elaborate musical drill, including trotting in an apparently inextricable but really orderly maze, and dumb-bell exercises, and then a picked few performed evolutions on certain swinging rings, and the ladies' work concluded with preliminary practice for foil-fencing as a mass exercise. It is, I should think, absolutely the first time that a company of private ladies of good social position have ever consented to give a semi-public display in gymnastic dress.

Last week, I named Lady Strangford as one of those who might be suggested to her Majesty for some public honour, in recognition of noble work, in connection with the Jubilee. On the very day that those words came before the public Lady Strangford died on board the ship in which she was travelling to Egypt, to organise and commence a hospital at Port Said for British seamen. Lady Strangford had long been known to all who take note of philanthropic work as one of the most untiring labourers in this field; but so little ostentation or tendency to self-advertisement was there in her character that the world at large heard her name but seldom. She was a friend and a pupil of Florence Nightingale, to whom Lady Strangford used to go to hold consultations on work.



THE LATE MR. COLLINGWOOD SMITH.



THE CROWN PRINCE OF SIAM.



THE LATE SIR WILLIAM ANDREW.

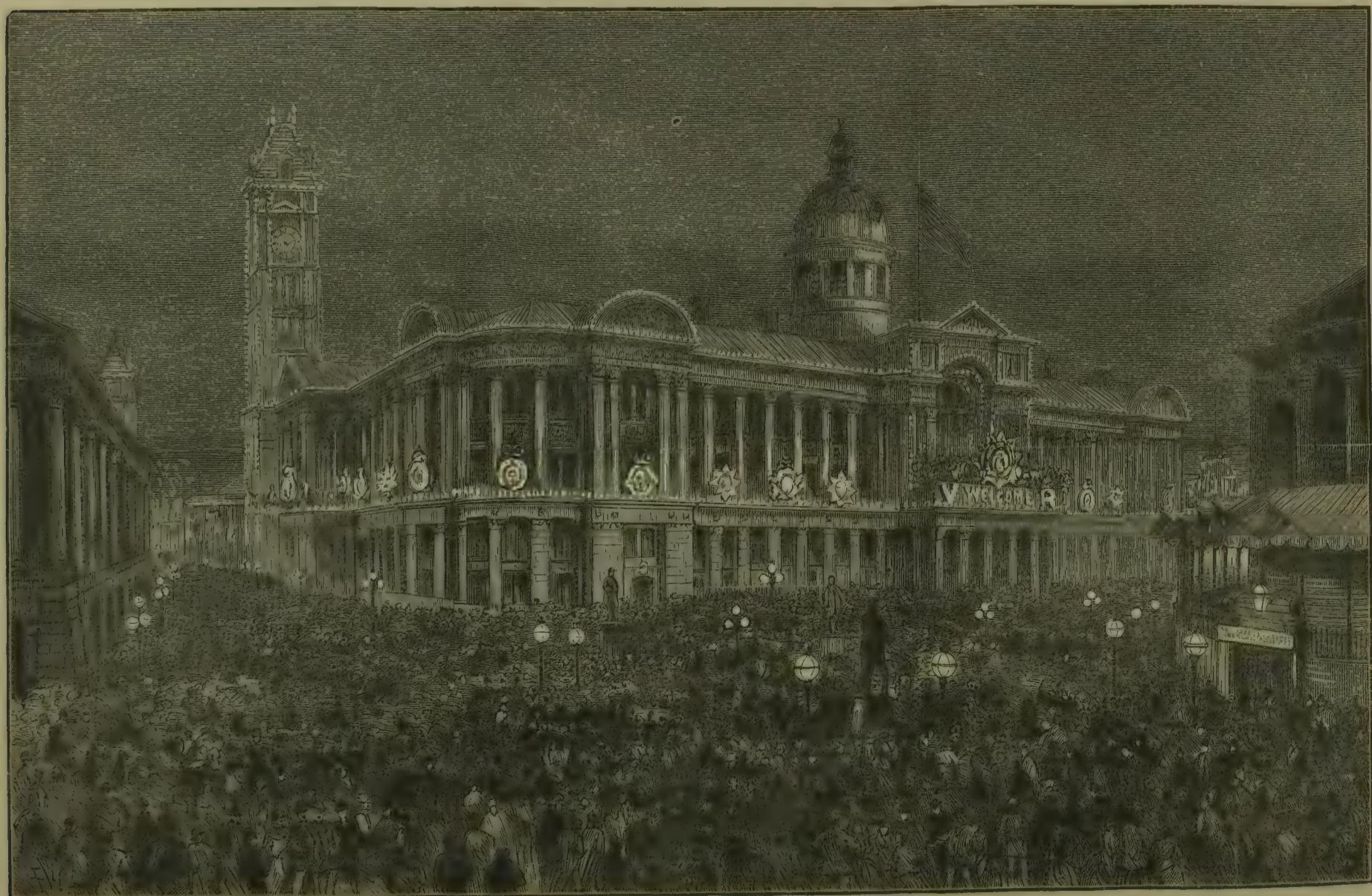
THE LATE SIR WILLIAM ANDREW.

The name of this gentleman, who died on the 11th ult., in the eighty-first year of his age, has long been associated with far-seeing and enterprising designs for promoting the security and prosperity of our Indian Empire, especially by railway communication. It is more than thirty years since he became known as the earnest advocate of a project for the construction, under British management, of a line of railroad from the Mediterranean, through Syria and Mesopotamia, down the Euphrates Valley to the Persian Gulf: a route which had been carefully explored by General Chesney, a military engineer of high authority, and which was proved to afford the greatest facilities for the construction of such a work. Its practicability was attested by many competent witnesses, but political reasons have been opposed to the adoption of the scheme by the British Government; yet we cannot but remember that the Suez Canal was for some time opposed by our statesmen upon very similar grounds. Sir William Andrew, who was born in Aberdeenshire, and was educated at the Universities of Edinburgh and Oxford, was a civil engineer, who served in early life for a short period in India, and, on his return to England, submitted to the Home Govern-

ment his schemes for the defence of India, which have since obtained approval. He was founder of the Scinde, Punjab, and Delhi Railway Company, and took part in other plans of Indian railway and telegraph construction. Among the treatises of which he was author were "Indian Railways," 1846; an essay on the Scinde Railway in relation to the route to India; a letter to Lord Palmerston on the Euphrates Valley Railway; letters on telegraphic communication with India, 1856; several other articles on Indian railways and the route to India; "Colonisation in India and Australia compared"; and an essay on the commercial and political importance of the Indus and its provinces. A few years later, his attention was directed to the Central Asian question; he delivered several lectures and wrote pamphlets on this subject from 1872 to 1886, when he reprinted a letter which had appeared in the *Times* on the advance of Russia. One of his most important publications was "India and Her Neighbours" (1878), in which he pointed out that Queen Victoria has more Mohammedan subjects than the Sultan and Shah together, and that it was urgent to have improved communication between England and India; he also dwelt on the necessity of good relations with Cabul. These writings attracted much attention. He never ceased, from 1856 to his death, to urge the advantage of the Euphrates Valley line as an alternative to that of the Red Sea. In 1879 Sir W. Andrew was chairman of the Stafford-House Committee for promoting the construction of a railway from the Persian Gulf to Constantinople and the Mediterranean. He took an interest in everything relating to the East, and was a Fellow of many scientific societies. He was knighted in 1882, when he received the Companionship of the Order of the Indian Empire.

THE LATE MR. COLLINGWOOD SMITH.

This esteemed member of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, who died on the 15th ult., at the age of seventy-one, has long been favourably known to the public as a frequent contributor to our Art Exhibitions. He was a pupil of Mr. J. D. Harding, and may be said to have continued the development of that style of correct landscape painting which gained much acceptance in English eyes before the more imaginative treatment came into favour. As faithful transcripts of nature, his pictures have considerable merit, and some of them are remarkable for their truthful representation of the aspects of the country at different seasons of the year. His views of British mountain and lake scenery are distinguished also by their fidelity to local conditions. In 1843 Mr. Collingwood Smith was elected an Associate of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, of which he became a full member in 1850; and he succeeded the late Mr. F. Mackenzie in the office of Treasurer, which he held during twenty years, devoting much care and unfailing diligence to the business of the Society, and gaining the personal regard of all his brother artists.



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO BIRMINGHAM: ILLUMINATION OF THE COUNCIL HOUSE AND ART GALLERY.



1. Field with poultry coops.
2. Specimens of good breeds.
3. Incubators, for artificial hatching.

4. Artificial foster-mother, for newborn chicken.
5. Sleeping-house for older chicken.
6. Fattening chicken with the "cramming machine."

7. Higgler and boy collecting poultry.
8. Coops in barn, with chicken fattening.
9. Plucking chicken (killed by the man).

10. Chicken being pressed for packing.
11. Packing-cases for chicken.

EGG AND POULTRY INDUSTRIES.

A discussion, upon a subject interesting to private householders, as well as to tradesmen and farmers, has recently been started in letters to a daily paper. The supply of eggs for English consumption, more especially in the London market, comes largely from France. Complaints have been made of the middleman and of the retailer, as if they had any interest in preferring foreign to English produce of this kind, or as if they would not readily do a larger trade with an increased supply; for it cannot be doubted that the demand would greatly increase, and that eggs would be more freely used in the constant diet of ordinary families, were they to be sold cheaply, of good quality, and in fresh condition. Many persons can remember the time when, at least in the country towns of England, good fresh eggs could be got for less than a penny each, and it was usual at breakfast to give them to all the children round the table. The price in London is now twopence-halfpenny or threepence, or seven for a shilling at lowest, while the best wholesale price in the market is stated to be above twenty pence a dozen. It is probable that the question of producing eggs at a moderate cost will be found to be closely associated with another matter, the rearing of poultry, which is of equal importance to the economical provision of wholesome, nourishing, and varied food for our households. Chicken or fowls used to be sold in the country at eighteenpence apiece, or sometimes half-a-

crown the pair; and there seems to be no sufficient reason, with the extreme cheapness of grain and the abundant means of feeding poultry, why the rearing of them should not have been made to keep up with the traffic created by the railways to London, and with the great demand in all large cities and towns. There can be nothing in the difference of climate between Normandy, Belgium, or Holland, and Great Britain or Ireland, that should give much real advantage to the former in this business, if it were carried on here with the aid of proper appliances, under good shelter, and in clean, dry, spacious, well-ventilated fowl-houses, kept at a tolerably uniform temperature. The artificial hatching of chicken, by means of the "incubator," serves also greatly to accelerate the increase of the feathered live stock; and while the numbers for sale are thus augmented, so there will be, at the same time, a larger number to be raised for the purpose of yielding eggs. Another branch of this industry is the special fattening of spring or autumn chicken, as a delicacy which commands a high price in the London season; and this art is practised, at certain establishments in the Home Counties, with a curious degree of refinement: a "cramming machine" is there employed to force quantities of food, through a tube, into the bird's crop, which is done twice a day. Some of the chicken submitted to this treatment are not those hatched in the establishment, but are those purchased from higglers who travel over the country, in Kent, Sussex, and Hampshire, for the purpose of collecting them. Brought when about

six months old, they are fattened in two or three weeks; and the number killed, plucked, packed, and sent to London, from one such fat-chicken factory, averages throughout the year a hundred dozen weekly. Our Sketches of a regular poultry farm, where precociously fat chicken, instead of eggs, form the staple article of trade, include that of the singular "cramming-machine," worked by a hand at the wheel, forcing the contents, a farinaceous paste with added nutritious ingredients, through a tube which is passed down the throat of the chicken. The "incubator," in which the eggs, laid in folds of flannel, and deposited in drawers, are warmed by the fire of a spirit-lamp, during the usual number of days for hatching, is employed in many rural establishments; there are different patented forms of this apparatus, but the easiest to manage and most effective is that manufactured by Messrs. Pearson, of Regent-street. The same firm have ingeniously contrived an "artificial nursing mother" for the comfort of new-born chicken, which is shown in another Illustration; and from which, as the chicken grow stronger, they are transferred to a barn, where they find safe sleeping-houses elevated above the floor of the place. Their end is the wringing of their necks in the plucking-room, where the executioner sits with a sack of live chicken beside him, takes out one after another, kills it, and hands it to the women, one of whom plucks it, another has to "sweat" or singe it; after which it is placed, with many others, between the boards of a press, for packing to be sent to the London market.

EASTER ARRANGEMENTS.—LONDON BRIGITON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.—ALL ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS will be extended as usual.

The Cheap Saturday to Monday Tickets issued to or from London, and the Seaside, &c., on Saturday, April 9, will be available for return on Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday, April 11, 12, and 13.

EXTRA TRAINS FOR ISLE OF WIGHT.—The 4.55 p.m. from Victoria and London Bridge will convey Passengers for Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, Newport and Cowes, on April 7 and 9 (1st, 2nd, and 3rd class).

PARIS AT EASTER.—SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSION.—Leaving London Bridge 11.35 a.m. and 8.00 p.m., and Victoria 11.30 a.m. and 7.50 p.m., Thursday, April 7. Returning from Paris by Night Service on any day up to including Wednesday, April 20. Fares, First Class, 3s.; Second Class, 2s.

BRIGHTON.—GOOD FRIDAY AND EASTER SUNDAY.—A CHEAP FIRST CLASS TRAIN from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

BRIGHTON.—SATURDAY TO TUESDAY.—SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS, SATURDAY, April 9, from Victoria 2. p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from Kensington, 1.50 p.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea; from London Bridge, 2.15 p.m., calling at New-cross and East Croydon.

Returning only on the following Tuesday, and then only by the 7.10 p.m. Train. Fares, 7s. 6d. and 5s.

PORTSMOUTH AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT, SATURDAY TO TUESDAY.—SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS, SATURDAY, April 9, from Victoria 1 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from Kensington 12.45 p.m.; from London Bridge 2.40 p.m. Returning by certain trains only the following Tuesday evening.

SPECIAL CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS. GOOD FRIDAY, EASTER SUNDAY AND MONDAY. From London Bridge and Victoria to Brighton, Worthing, Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, Lewes, and Hastings.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—GOOD FRIDAY.—A GRAND SACRED CONCERT.—FREQUENT DIRECT TRAINS DAILY to the Crystal Palace, from London Bridge, New-cross; also from Victoria, York-road, Kensington, West Brompton, and Chelsea.

BRANCH BOOKING OFFICES.—For the Convenience of Passengers who may desire to take their Tickets in advance the following Branch Booking Offices, in addition to those at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations, are now open for the Issue of Tickets to all Stations on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, to the Isle of Wight, Paris, and the Continent, &c., &c.

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Tickets issued at these Offices will be dated to suit the convenience of passengers.

* These Two Offices will remain open until 10 p.m. on April 6, 7, and 9. For full particulars of times, fares, &c., see Handbills and Time Books, to be had at all Stations, and at any of the above Branch Booking Offices.

(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

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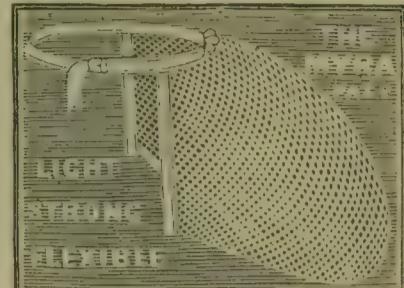
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DRAWN BY J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE.

With a slight inclination of her bared head, she passed slowly out of the corridor.

THE CRUSADE OF THE EXCELSIOR.*

BY BRET HARTE,

AUTHOR OF "THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP," "GABRIEL CONROY," "FLIP," ETC.

PART II.—CHAPTER III.

The garden over whose wall Brace had mysteriously vanished was apparently as deserted as the lane and plaza without. But its solitude was one of graceful shadow and restful loveliness. A tropical luxuriance, that had perpetuated itself year after year, until it was half suffocated in its own overgrowth and strangled with its own beauty, spread over a variegated expanse of starry flowers, shimmering leaves, and slender inextricable branches, pierced here and there by towering rigid cactus spikes or the curved plumes of palms. The repose of ages lay in its hushed groves, its drooping vines, its lifeless creepers; the dry dust of its decaying leaves and branches mingled with the living perfumes, like the spiced embalmings of a forgotten past.

Nevertheless, this tranquillity, after a few moments, was singularly disturbed. There was no breeze stirring, and yet the long fronds of a large fan palm, that stood near the breach in the wall, began to move gently from right to left, like the arms of some graceful semaphore, and then as suddenly stopped. Almost at the same moment, a white curtain, listlessly hanging from a canopied balcony of the Alcalde's house, began to exhibit a like rhythmical and regular agitation. Then everything was motionless again; an interval of perfect peace settled upon the garden. It was broken by the apparition of Brace under the balcony, and the black-veiled and flowered head of Doña Isabel from the curtain above.

"Crazy boy!"

"Senorita!"

"Hush! I am coming down!"

"You? But Doña Ursula?"

"There is no more Doña Ursula!"

"Well—your dueña, whoever she is!"

"There is no dueña!"

"What?"

* All Rights Reserved.

"Hush up your tongue, idiot boy!" (this in English.)

The little black head and the rose on top of it disappeared. Brace drew himself up against the wall and waited. The time seemed interminable. Impatiently looking up and down he at last saw Doña Isabel at a distance quietly and unconcernedly moving among the roses, and occasionally stooping as if to pick them. In an instant he was at her side.

"Let me help you," he said.

She opened her little brownish palm, "Look!" In her hand were a few leaves of some herb.

"It is for you."

Brace seized and kissed the hand.

"Is it some love-test?"

"It is for what you call a julep-cocktail," she replied, gravely. "He will remain in a glass with aguardiente; you shall drink him with a straw. My sister has said that ever where the Americans go they expect him to arrive."

"I prefer to take him straight," said Brace, laughing, as he nibbled a limp leaf, bruised by the hand of the young girl. "He's pleasanter, and, on the whole, more wildly intoxicating this way! But what about your dueña? and how comes this blessed privilege of seeing you alone?"

Doña Isabel lifted her black eyes suddenly to Brace.

"You do not comprehend, then? Is it not, then, the custom of the Americans? Is it not, then, that there is no dueña in your country?"

"There are certainly no dueñas in my country. But who has changed the custom here?"

"Is it not true that in your country any married woman shall dueña the young señorita?" continued Doña Isabel, without replying; "that any caballero and señorita shall see each other in the patio, and not under a balcony?—that they may speak with the lips, and not the fan?"

"Well—yes," said Brace.

"Then my brother has arranged it as so. He have much hear the Doña Barbara Brimmer when she make talk of these things frequently, and he is informed and impressed much. He will truly have that you will come of the corridor, and not of the garden, for me, and that I shall have no dueña but the Doña Barbara. This does not make you happy, you American idiot boy!"

It did not. The thought of carrying on a flirtation under the fastidious Boston eye of Mrs. Brimmer, instead of under the discreet and mercenarily averted orbs of Doña Ursula, did not commend itself pleasantly to Brace.

"Oh, yes," he returned quickly. "We will go into the corridor, in the fashion of my country"—

"Yes," said Doña Isabel, dubiously.

"After we have walked in the garden in the fashion of yours. That's only fair, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Doña Isabel, gravely; "that's what the Comandante will call 'inter-nation-al courtesy.'"

The young man slipped his arm around the fair diplomatist's waist, and they walked on in decorous silence under the orange-trees. "It seems to me," said Brace, presently, "that Mrs. Brimmer has a good deal to say up your way?"

"Ah, yes; but what will you? It is my brother who has love for her."

"But," said Brace, stopping suddenly—"doesn't he know that she has a husband living?"

Doña Isabel lifted her lashes in child-like wonder. "Always! you idiot American boy. That is why. Ah, Mother of God! my brother is discreet. He is not a maniac, like you, to come after a silly muchacha like me."

The response which Brace saw fit to make to this statement elicited a sharp tap upon the knuckles from Doña Isabel. "Tell to me," she said, suddenly, "is not that a custom of your country?"

"What? That?"

"No, insensate. To attend a married señora?"

"Not openly."

"Ah, that is wrong," said Doña Isabel, meditatively, moving the point of her tiny slipper on the gravel. "Then it is the young girl that shall come in the corridor and the married lady on the balcony?"

"Well, yes."

"Good-bye, ape!"

She ran swiftly down the avenue of palms to a small door at the back of the house, turned, blew a kiss over the edge of her fan to Brace, and disappeared. He hesitated a moment or two; then quickly rescaling the wall, dropped into the lane

outside, followed it to the gateway of the casa, and entered the patio as Doña Isabel decorously advanced from a darkened passage to the corridor. Although the hour of siesta had passed, her sister, Miss Chubb, the Alcalde, and Mrs. Brimmer were still lounging here on sofas and hammocks.

It would have been difficult for a stranger at a first glance to discover the nationality of the ladies. Mrs. Brimmer and her friend, Miss Chubb, had entirely succumbed to the extreme dishabille of the Spanish toilette—not without a certain languid grace on the part of Mrs. Brimmer, whose easy custom lent itself to the stayless bodice, or a certain bashful, youthful naïveté on the part of Miss Chubb, the rounded dazzling whiteness of whose neck and shoulders half pleased and half frightened her in her low, white, plain camisa—under the lace mantilla.

"It is such a pleasure to see you again, Mr. Brace," said Mrs. Brimmer, languidly observing the young man through the sticks of her fan; "I was telling Don Ramon that I feared Doña Ursula had frightened you away. I told him that your experience of American society might have caused you to misinterpret the habitual reserve of the castellan," she continued, with the air of being already an alien of her own country, "and I should be only too happy to undertake the chaperoning of both these young ladies in their social relations with our friends. And how is dear Mr. Banks? and Mr. Crosby? whom I so seldom see now. I suppose, however, business has its superior attractions."

But Don Ramon, with impulsive gallantry, would not, *could* not—for a moment tolerate a heresy so alarming. It was simply wildly impossible. For why? In the presence of Doña Barbara—it exists not in the heart of man!

"You cannot, of course, conceive it, Don Ramon," said Mrs. Brimmer, with an air of gentle suffering; "but I fear it is sadly true of the American gentlemen. They become too absorbed in their business. They forget their duty to our sex in their selfish devotion to affairs in which we are debarred from joining them, and yet they wonder that we prefer the society of men who are removed by birth, tradition, and position from this degrading kind of selfishness."

"But that was scarcely true of your own husband. *He* was not only a successful man in business, but we can see that he was equally successful in his relations to, at least, one of the fastidious sex," said Brace, maliciously glancing at Don Ramon.

Mrs. Brimmer received the innuendo with invulnerable simplicity. "Mr. Brimmer is, I am happy to say, *not* a business man. He entered into certain contracts having more or less of a political complexion, and carrying with them the genius, but not the material results, of trade. That he is not a business man—and a successful one—my position here at the present time is a sufficient proof," she said triumphantly. "And I must also protest," she added, with a faint sigh, "against Mr. Brimmer being spoken of in the past tense, by anybody. It is painfully premature and ominous!"

She drew her mantilla across her shoulders with an expression of shocked sensitiveness which completed the humiliation of Brace and the subjugation of Don Ramon. But, unlike most of her sex, she was wise in the moment of victory. She cast a glance over her fan at Brace and turned languidly to Doña Isabel. "Mr. Brace must surely want some refreshment after his long ride. Why don't you seize this opportunity to show him the garden and let him select for himself the herbs he requires for that dreadful American drink; Miss Chubb and your sister will remain with me to receive the Comandante's secretary and the Doctor when they come."

"She's more than my match," whispered Brace to Doña Isabel, as they left the corridor together. "I give in. I don't understand her: she frightens me."

"That is of your conscience! It is that you would understand the Doña Leonor—your dear Miss Keene—better! Ah! silence, imbecile! this Doña Barbara is even as thou art—a talking parrot. She will have that the Comandante's secretary, Mañuel, shall marry Miss Chubb, and that the Doctor shall marry my sister. But she knows not that Mañuel—listen so that you shall get sick at your heart and swallow your moustachio!—that Mañuel loves the beautiful Leonor, and that Leonor loves not him, but Don Diego: and that my sister loathes the little Doctor. And this Doña Barbara, that makes your liver white, would be a feeder of chickens with such baseness as this! Ah! come along!"

The arrival of the Doctor and the Comandante's secretary created another diversion, and the pairing off of the two couples indicated by Doña Isabel for a stroll in the garden, which was now beginning to recover from the still heat of midday. This left Don Ramon and Mrs. Brimmer alone in the corridor; Mrs. Brimmer's indefinite languor, generally accepted as some vague aristocratic condition of mind and body, not permitting her to join them.

There was a moment of dangerous silence; the voices of the young people were growing fainter in the distance. Mrs. Brimmer's eyes, in the shadow of her fan, were becoming faintly phosphorescent. Don Ramon's melancholy face, which had grown graver in the last few moments, approached nearer to her own.

"You are unhappy, Doña Barbara. The coming of this young cavalier, your countryman, revives your anxiety for your home. You are thinking of this husband who comes not. Is it not so?"

"I am thinking," said Mrs. Brimmer, with a sudden revulsion of solid Boston middle-class propriety, shown as much in the dry New England asperity of voice that stung even through her drawing of the Castilian speech as in anything she said; "I am thinking that, unless Mr. Brimmer comes soon, I and Miss Chubb shall have to abandon the hospitality of your house, Don Ramon. Without looking upon myself as a widow, or as indefinitely separated from Mr. Brimmer, the few words let fall by Mr. Brace show me what might be the feelings of my countrymen on the subject. However charming and considerate your hospitality has been—and I do not deny that it has been *most* grateful to me—I feel I cannot continue to accept it in those equivocal circumstances. I am speaking to a gentleman who, with the instincts and chivalrous obligations of his order, must sympathise with my own delicacy in coming to this conclusion, and who will not take advantage of my confession that I do it with pain."

She spoke with a dry alacrity and precision, so unlike her usual languor, and the suggestions of the costume and even the fan she still kept shading her faintly glowing eyes, that the man before her was more troubled by her manner than her words, which he had but imperfectly understood.

"You will leave here—this house?" he stammered.

"It is necessary," she returned.

"But you shall listen to me first!" he said, hurriedly. "Hear me, Doña Barbara—I have a secret—I will tell you confess!"

"You must confess nothing," said Mrs. Brimmer, dropping her feet from the hammock, and sitting up primly, "I mean—nothing I may not hear."

The Alcalde cast a look upon her at once blank and imploring. "Ah, but you will hear," he said, after a pause. "There is a ship coming here. In two weeks she will arrive. None know it but myself, the Comandante, and the Padre. It is a secret of the Government. She will come at night; she

will depart in the morning, and no one else shall know. It has ever been that she brings no one to Todos Santos, that she takes no one from Todos Santos. That is the law. But I swear to you that she shall take you, your children, and your friend in secret to Acapulco, where you will be free. You will join your husband: you will be happy. I will remain, and I will die."

It would have been impossible for any woman but Mrs. Brimmer to have regarded the child-like earnestness and melancholy simplicity of this grown-up man without a pang. Even this superior woman experienced a sensible awkwardness, as she slipped from the hammock and regained an upright position.

"Of course," she began, "your offer is exceedingly generous; and although I should not, perhaps, take a step of this kind without the sanction of Mr. Brimmer, and am not sure that he would not regard it as rash and premature, I will talk it over with Miss Chubb, for whom I am partially responsible. Nothing," she continued, with a sudden access of feeling, "would induce me, for any selfish consideration, to take any step that would imperil the future of that child, towards whom I feel as a sister." A slight suffusion glistened under her pretty brown lashes. "If anything should happen to her, I would never forgive myself; if I should be the unfortunate means of severing any ties that she may have formed, I could never look her in the face again. Of course, I can well understand that our presence here must be onerous to you, and that you naturally look forward to any sacrifice—even that of the interests of your country, and the defiance of its laws—to relieve you from a position so embarrassing as yours has become. I only trust, however, that the ill effects you allude to as likely to occur to yourself after our departure may be exaggerated by your sensitive nature. It would be an obligation added to the many that we owe you, which Mr. Brimmer would naturally find he could not return—and that, I can safely say, he would not hear of for a single moment."

While speaking, she had unconsciously laid aside her fan, lifted her mantilla from her head with both hands, and, drawing it around her shoulders and under her lifted chin, had crossed it over her bosom with a certain prim, automatic gesture, as if it had been the starched kerchief of some remote Puritan ancestress. With her arms still unconsciously crossed, she stooped rigidly, picked up her fan with three fingers, as if it had been a prayer-book, and, with a slight inclination of her bared head, with its accurately parted brown hair, passed slowly out of the corridor.

Astounded, bewildered, yet conscious of some vague wound, Don Ramon remained motionless, staring after her straight, retreating figure. Unable to follow closely either the meaning of her words or the logic of her reasoning, he nevertheless comprehended the sudden change in her manner, her voice, and the frigid resurrection of a nature he had neither known nor suspected. He looked blankly at the collapsed hammock, as if he expected to find in its depths the sinuous graces, the languid fascinations, and the soft, half-sensuous contours cast off by this vanishing figure of propriety.

In the eight months of their enforced intimacy and platonic seclusion he had learned to love this naïve, insinuating woman, whose frank simplicity seemed equal to his own, without thought of reserve, secrecy, or deceit. He had gradually been led to think of the absent husband with what he believed to be her own feelings—as of some impalpable, fleshless ancestor from whose remote presence she derived power, wealth, and importance, but to whom she owed only respect and certain obligations of honour equal to his own. He had never heard her speak of her husband with love, with sympathy, with fellowship, with regret. She had barely spoken of him at all, and then rather as an attractive factor in her own fascinations than a bar to a free indulgence in them. He was as little in her way as—his children. With what grace she had adapted herself to his life—she who frankly confessed she had no sympathy with her husband's!—with what languid enthusiasm she had taken up the customs of his country, while deplored the habits of her own! With what goddess-like indifference she had borne this interval of waiting! And yet this woman—who had seemed the embodiment of romance—had received the announcement of his sacrifice—the only revelation he allowed himself to make of his hopeless passion—with the frigidity of a duenna! Had he wounded her in some other unknown way? Was she mortified that he had not first declared his passion—he had never dared to speak to her of love before! Perhaps she even doubted it! In his ignorance of the world he had, perhaps, committed some grave offence! He should not have let her go! He should have questioned, implored her—thrown himself at her feet! Was it too late yet?

He passed hurriedly into the formal little drawing-room, whose bizarre colouring was still darkened by the closed blinds and dropped awnings that had shut out the heat of day. She was not there. He passed the open door of her room; it was empty. At the end of the passage a faint light stole from a door opening into the garden, that was still ajar. She must have passed out that way. He opened it, and stepped out into the garden.

The sound of voices beside a ruined fountain a hundred yards away indicated the vicinity of the party; but a single glance showed him that she was not among them. So much the better—he would find her alone! Cautiously slipping beside the wall of the house, under the shadow of a creeper, he gained the long avenue without attracting attention. She was not there. Had she effectively evaded contact with the others by leaving the garden through the little gate in the wall that entered the Mission inclosure? It was partly open, as if someone had just passed through. He followed, took a few steps, and stopped abruptly. In the shadow of one of the old pear-trees a man and woman were standing. An impulse of wild jealousy seized him; he was about to leap forward, but the next moment the measured voice of the Comandante, addressing Mrs. Markham, fell upon his ear. He drew back with a sudden flush upon his face. The Comandante of Todos Santos, in grave earnest accents, was actually repeating to Mrs. Markham the offer that he, Don Ramon, had made to Mrs. Brimmer but a moment ago!

"No one," said the Comandante, sententiously, "will know it but myself. You will leave the ship at Acapulco; you will rejoin your husband in good time; you will be happy, my child; you will forget the old man who drags out the few years of loneliness still left to him in Todos Santos."

Forgetting himself, Don Ramon leaned breathlessly forward to hear Mrs. Markham's reply. Would she answer the Comandante as Doña Barbara had answered him? Her words rose clearly in the evening air.

"You're a gentleman, Don Miguel Briones; and the least respect I can show a man of your kind is, not to pretend that I don't understand the sacrifice you're making. I shall always remember it as about the biggest compliment I ever received, and the biggest risk that any man—except one—ever ran for me. But as the man who ran that bigger risk isn't here to speak for himself, and generally trusts his wife, Susan Markham, to speak for him—it's all the same as if he thanked you. There's my hand, Don Miguel; shake it. Well—if you prefer it—kiss it then. There—now let's go back to Miss Keene."

(To be continued.)

BIOGRAPHY.

Perhaps no kind of literature is so universally attractive as biography. There is a time of life, no doubt, when romance has a greater charm, and we prefer people born of the imagination to those who have fought the battle of life and died defeated or victorious. But why do we love fictitious characters so well, and look on them as friends? Is it not because they satisfy that yearning after a knowledge of life under an infinite variety of aspects, which the biographer represents on a more limited scale? His range is restricted; but his book, when he has a great subject and knows how to treat it, has a deeper and more lasting interest. This knowledge, however, is rare. In English literature the masterpieces of biography might almost be counted upon the fingers. Generally, the writers have no sense of proportion, and instead of charming the world they burden it. Indeed, some unfortunate men—worthy, good, and justly meriting public recognition—instead of living again in the pages of their biographers, have died a double death.

The lives of William Wilberforce, James Montgomery, Moore, Wordsworth, and Southey have done more harm than good to the memories they were designed to honour; and Professor Masson's exhaustive and exhausting life of Milton, which is not to be surpassed for minuteness of knowledge of the age and of the man, is a book more likely to be consulted by help of the index than read for the pleasure of reading.

What we want to find in a biography is a living man; what the reader desires to be saved from is the dust and rubbish heaped up upon his tomb. The literary scavenger mistakes his vocation, he is not a biographer; and we really don't know a man better after an introduction to his washerwoman or his barber. Detail, indeed, is invaluable, but not every kind of detail; and we are not sure that we are better acquainted with the First Napoleon because we have learned from Talleyrand that he was accustomed to shave himself. Possibly Boswell, the "prince of biographers," exceeds the *juste milieu* in this respect; but his merits cover every defect, and Dr. Johnson lives for all time in his incomparable pages. By-the-way, almost every biography of a man of letters written in the last century is introduced with a kind of apology, as if it was not to be expected that such a life could compete in interest with the life of a statesman or a warrior. Yet it is, we think, undeniable that two of the best-written and most delightful "Lives" we possess are Boswell's Johnson and Lockhart's Scott, and that the best book Johnson wrote is the "Lives of the Poets."

Consummate literary art is demanded of the biographer, with much discretion and a high sense of responsibility. "In this age," said Southey, "when a person of any notoriety dies, they lose as little time in making a book of him as they used to do in making a mummy, and the book is too often made with little regard for the feelings of the living"; and of the truth of this saying we have recently had several illustrations. It is a mistake to suppose that you make a man's character clearer by the publication of all his unguarded expressions. The feeling uttered at one moment is not the judgment of the next. The reader can test this for himself. Does he not sometimes, in connection with some trifling incident, call his best friend stupid or foolish, knowing all the time—with the knowledge of a lifetime—that he is sensible and wise. Men do not write and speak in familiar intercourse with the fear of print before their eyes, and that curse of modern society, the vulgar interviewer, has, happily, not yet discovered the receipt of fern-seed, so that he can walk invisible. But the love of idle tattle and gossip grows, and distinguished men not only suffer from it in their lives but after they are dead. "Do not let the awkward squad fire over me" was the pathetic request of Burns upon his death-bed. There is a far worse evil than an awkward squad, and that is a clever and unscrupulous biographer.

Short biographies are a literary fashion of the day. There is the series of English men of letters, which has been followed by a corresponding series in America. There is an eminent women series, another of English worthies, and yet another, born, we believe, with the year, called "Great Writers." In quality it is hardly necessary to say these monographs greatly differ. They agree only in quantity, and, being little longer than an elaborate *Quarterly Review* article, it is impossible for the writers, in many instances, to do justice to their themes. Not even Mr. Hutton's Scott or Mr. Leslie Stephen's Johnson or Mr. Ainger's delightful sketch of Lamb are fitted to satisfy the reader. Enough if they give him an appetite for more, where the field for gleaning is so ample. In some cases, two biographies of one man afford the opportunity of comparison between them. For instance, Mr. H. O. Traill has written a monograph of Coleridge, and so has Mr. Hall Caine; each writer breaking fresh ground, and taking a different view of a poet and philosopher who, for genius apart from performance, is perhaps the most wonderful Englishman this century has produced. Mr. Traill is more critical than Mr. Hall Caine, and is, on the whole, perhaps, more just—assuredly he is so in his estimate of Southey; but both little volumes are infinitely attractive; and if this were the season of sweet June instead of dreary February, we should recommend a youthful poet-lover to spend a morning in the woods over the pathetic story. Mr. Traill, by-the-way, says that Coleridge never quite overcame the vice of opium-eating, that caused him so much mental anguish and physical suffering. "Sixteen years," he writes, "of gradual, though never complete, emancipation from his fatal habit were reserved to him." "It was a slow and gradual liberation," says Mr. Caine, "but it was complete at last." Neither writer gives any authority for his statement. Which is right? Not even a biographer is always accurate or impartial, and, life being manysided, it is natural that even facts as well as character should assume a different aspect when viewed from distinct standing-points. Yet one would suppose there ought to be a certain yea or nay to a question like this. We are not satisfied with these brief records of a man like Coleridge, who has not yet found a biographer capable of doing him full justice. A great theme, however, has not in this instance been spoilt by incompetence; it is only left incomplete.

Carlyle said that biography was the only true history; and no one understood better how to give life-like portraits of the men whose actions influenced a nation or a continent. Clarendon, too, exhibited consummate skill in blending history and biography, and Lord Macaulay's full-length pictures of his heroes form the most attractive pages of a narrative that has the absorbing interest of a great historical romance. Our theme is so suggestive that we are tempted to be discursive, but the writer for a newspaper has to remember how easily his allotted space may be exhausted, and so, with a word or two, we will conclude. The life that we read of with most interest has been, often, the most painful to live. Struggling men—men fighting not only with circumstances, but with the perplexities that burden the spirit—are generally the noblest; and to read of an heroic soul that endures without being conquered braces a man's spirit as few things else can. We are glad to know what a man did; we like, still better, to know what he was.

J. D.

KAISER WILHELM OF GERMANY.

A LIFE SKETCH, BY ATHOL MAYHEW.

(Concluded from the "Illustrated London News" of last week.)

PART V.—THE WAR WITH FRANCE, 1870.

The battle of Sedan, fought on Sept. 1, 1870, was described in the preceding narrative. It achieved a signal victory of the German arms; the French army, or what remained of it, to the number of 90,000 men, and the Emperor Napoleon III., were captured and sent into Germany as prisoners of war. On Sept. 4, the King of Prussia telegraphed to Queen Augusta from Varennes, as follows :

What a touching moment it was, this meeting with Napoleon! He was depressed, but dignified and resigned in his demeanour. I fixed on Wilhelms-höhe, near Cassel, as his place of residence. Our meeting took place in a small château in front of the western glaçis of Sedan. I then mounted a horse, and reviewed the troops round Sedan. You can imagine my reception by the soldiers—indescribable! With nightfall at half-past seven o'clock I had finished my ride, which took me five hours; but I arrived here so late as one o'clock. May God help us further!

WILLIAM.

Following up their prodigious success, the Prussians at once moved towards the French capital. The difficulties of the march were overcome with their usual energy and skill. On the 5th, King William entered Rheims with 25,000 men and established himself in the Episcopal Palace. The Prussians were received in silence, and, on their part, they abstained from outrage. Requisitions were made on the city, so that individual citizens had but to provide for the soldiers actually billeted upon them. By the 12th, the invaders were in force at Crécy, and some Uhlans arriving at Provins, south-east of Paris, announced the approach of 20,000 troops. On the 18th, the Crown Prince's head-quarters were at Chaumes, only twenty-five miles from the capital, and by the 20th Paris was completely invested by a force of 143,000 men.

The King had settled down into quarters at Ferrières on the 22nd, and thenceforward his life became that of accustomed regularity, save for occasional interruptions which require only briefly to be chronicled. He attended Divine service in the Chapel of Louis XIV. at Versailles, rode and drove, reviewed bodies of his troops, and enjoyed existence generally as a potent monarch and successful warrior might be expected to do. Oct. 27 brought the good news of the capitulation of Metz, where 173,000 Frenchmen surrendered to the King's nephew, Prince Frederick Charles. The "Red Prince," having been relieved by the capitulation of that fortress, directed his army to the Loire, and was able to seize Orleans, on Dec. 4. If Metz had held out, it is doubtful whether the investment of Paris could have been much longer maintained. On Dec. 6, 1870, at Versailles, King William issued a General Order to the German armies, in which he recapitulated their successes; and, while expressing his satisfaction, called upon his troops to put forth renewed exertions, should the French persist in the war, until they should "wring from the enemy an honourable peace, worthy of the great sacrifices of blood and life which had been offered up." It is evident that King William was anticipating further hostilities; and, for nearly a month afterwards, the French armies occupied a position favourable to attack, but did comparatively nothing. Their General Chanzy had sustained a defeat at the hands of the "Red Prince" while moving against Vendôme. On Jan. 10, 1871, there was a pitched battle between them at Le Mans, in which the French were routed, and lost 40,000 men; while Chanzy's reinforcements from Cherbourg were cut off at Alençon.

The bombardment of Paris commenced on Jan. 7. "Fritz," the Crown Prince, had ordered that the densely inhabited districts should be spared; but it was asserted that the stern old King overruled this order, and took the command of the siege artillery into his own hands. An event of transcendent political importance was now to happen.

PART VI.—1871.—KING WILLIAM PROCLAIMED GERMAN EMPEROR.

King William had now arrived at that epoch in his career when his scheme of a United Germany, having himself as its supreme head, was about to be fully realised. This war with France, already nearing its close, had contributed in no small degree to the establishment of an indissoluble bond of union between what had been essentially antagonistic elements. A common danger, real or imaginary, arising from the French military supremacy, had sufficed to create an attachment to Prussia, among her less powerful German neighbours, which found its perfect cement in their organised hostility to the common foe. They felt that France could only be successfully resisted, either temporarily or permanently, in one way: that she must be met and crushed; and this could only be effected by combined action. It was manifest also that Prussia must strengthen herself before seeking alliance with the smaller Powers. She must be in a position to dictate terms, by organising within her own borders a military system sufficient of itself to inspire respect. How admirably this part of the programme was fulfilled is now matter of history. Prussia, having developed her own military resources, and receiving assurance of the readiness of the adjoining States to marshal themselves under her banners, sought, by one grand and successful campaign against her powerful enemy, to secure both immunity from future attack, and absolute cohesion among the elements now about to take definite shape as United Germany.

On Jan. 18, 1871, King William attained the summit of his ambition. The palace of Louis XIV. of France, at Versailles, was to witness the consummation; and the King of Prussia was to be hailed Emperor of Germany in the "Galérie des Glaces," where Queen Victoria had been entertained, not long before, by Napoleon III., Emperor of the French. Jan. 18 was already a red-letter day in the history of the King's family. His ancestor, Frederick the Great, had, on that day, one hundred and eighty years before, been crowned King of Prussia. The ceremonial at Versailles was attended by all the Prussian and German Princes with the army; by the Prussian Ministers, and by five hundred Generals and officers; the flags of all the corps besieging Paris were displayed in the long "Gallery of Mirrors." We can imagine the scene as if present. An altar has been erected, at which the Almoner or Head Chaplain of the Army performs Divine service, which is followed by a brief sermon. Now King William, helmet in hand, attired in the full uniform of a General, stalks up the Gallery, and takes his stand, amidst loud hurrahs and waving of swords, looking, as he doubtless feels, every inch a conqueror. Right and left of him stand the leaders of his gallant troops, the Crown Prince at his side, while Bismarck, who has risen from a sick-bed to be present, stands on the extreme left. The strains of a chorale, by the assembled regimental bands, lend impressiveness to a scene the parallel of which is scarcely to be found in modern history. William of Prussia is proclaimed first Emperor of United Germany in the palace of Louis XIV. of France!

The remaining incidents of the German war in France need not occupy much of our space. On Jan. 19, General Faidherbe was defeated at St. Quentin with a loss of 15,000 men, 9000 being made prisoners; General Bourbaki's attempts to raise the siege of Belfort had to be abandoned. During the

bombardment of Paris, on the night of Jan. 8, the battery at Notre Dame de Clamart was captured by the Germans, and its guns were turned against Fort Issy. After that time, shells fell in all parts of Paris. The fortress of Longwy, called by Louis XIV. the "Iron Gate of France," surrendered on Jan. 25. Paris capitulated on the 28th, when, to feed the starving people, it became necessary for the German Emperor to bestow upon them three millions of rations from his own troops' supplies.

The articles of the armistice agreed upon between Bismarck and Jules Favre provided for its continuance until noon on Feb. 19. A contribution of two hundred million francs was levied upon the city, to be paid before the fifteenth day of the armistice. This liability was assumed by the Bank of France, which accepted city bonds in payment. With the city of Paris were surrendered 1900 pieces of artillery and 180,000 prisoners.

The terms of peace were finally accepted by Messrs. Thiers and Jules Favre on Feb. 26, by which France ceded the whole of Alsace, excepting Belfort, three of the four arrondissements of Lorraine, and Château-Salins and Sarrebourg, of the Department of the Meurthe. The ceded territory contained 1,600,000 inhabitants, and its extent is 6000 square miles. The war indemnity amounted to two hundred millions sterling. Such were some of the substantial results of the war to Germany. The cost of the war to France, irrespective of Paris itself, was computed at over one billion of francs, or four hundred millions sterling.

The Emperor returned to Berlin on March 17, and everywhere met with the most enthusiastic reception. The demonstrations partook less of a military character than might have been expected, bearing unmistakably the signs of popular acclamation. In the most military capital in the world, there was but little outward martial parade of victory. Possibly the joy of the inhabitants, at the successful termination of such a struggle, was not a little dashed with sad recollection of what it had cost to achieve that success.

One of the Emperor's earliest acts was to give public recognition of his obligation to Counts Von Moltke and Von Bismarck. Von Moltke was created a Field-Marshal, and received the Grand Cross of the Iron Cross Order. Count Bismarck was raised to the rank of Prince, and got large estates. On March 21 the Emperor opened the first Reichstag of the new German Empire, a Parliament which truly and adequately represented United Germany. The marble throne of Charlemagne was brought from Aix-la-Chapelle for the Emperor's use on this occasion. The South German members were warmly congratulated on taking their places in the United Legislative Body of the Empire.

Under the new Constitution, the Imperial Government consists of the Emperor, and the other Sovereigns; the Federal Council, or Bundesrat, representing twenty-five Kingdoms, Grand Duchies, Duchies, Principalities, and Free Cities of Germany, and the Imperial Diet or Reichstag, which is composed of 397 members, elected by ballot and by universal suffrage, in the proportion of one member to every 100,000 of the population. Prussia alone is represented by 240 members, nearly two thirds of the whole. But the Federal Council, the Bundesrat, formed of sixty-two members appointed by the several Governments of the German States, has the right of proclaiming war; and in this Federal Council, Prussia has less than a one-third vote, or in actual figures, seventeen, out of a total (for the whole of United Germany) of sixty-two. Only Bavaria, Saxony, and Württemberg are associated with Prussia in the direction of foreign affairs. The Emperor has the right to prorogue and dissolve the Reichstag, but it must not be prorogued for more than sixty days, and, in case of a dissolution, the new elections must take place within sixty days, and the session must be opened within ninety days. The Reichskanzler, or Chancellor of the Emperor, who is Prince Bismarck, presides over the Bundesrat, which is the supreme administrative authority; while the Reichstag elects its own President. All laws for the Empire must receive the assent of an absolute majority both of the Federal Council (Bundesrat) and of the Imperial Diet (Reichstag), and also of the German Emperor.

Every renowned Sovereign in Europe, during the last half-century, has been liable to the attacks of assassins, who have usually been the half-insane dupes of political fanaticism. An attempt was made on May 11, 1878, to assassinate the Emperor in Berlin. He was returning in his carriage from a drive, with his daughter, the Grand Duchess of Baden, when a tinsmith, named Hödel, of Leipsic, fired two shots into the carriage from the side walk, but both shots missed their mark. Hödel was beheaded for this crime. Another attempt was made on June 2, when he was driving in the Unter den Linden, by Dr. Nobiling, a Socialist or Nihilist. Though the Emperor received thirty small shot in the face, head and arms, he was not seriously injured. His Majesty has preserved a wonderful degree of bodily and mental vigour. He has continued, in spite of his great age, to enjoy the sport of hunting, and his rifle has killed many a wild boar in the beech-forests of North Germany. Until lately he was always present on horseback at reviews of his troops. As King of Prussia, he more than once thus expressed himself, "I desire a Royal, not a Parliamentary, Army."

On Jan. 4, 1882, the Emperor addressed the following note to the Prussian Ministry:—"The right of the King to direct the Government and policy of Prussia in accordance with his own judgment is restricted, not abrogated, by the Constitution. The official acts of the King require the counter-signature of a Minister and are carried out by his Ministers; but they remain the official acts of the King, in whose resolve they originate, and who in them gives constitutional expression to his will. Therefore, it is not permissible to represent their exercise as proceeding from responsible Ministers. The Prussian Constitution is the expression of the monarchical tradition of this country, whose development rests on the living relations of its Kings to the people. These relations cannot be transferred to Ministers, because they appertain to the person of the King, and their maintenance is necessary for Prussia. It is, therefore, my will that in Prussia, and also in the legislative bodies of the Empire, no doubt shall be allowed to attach to my constitutional right, or that of my successors, to direct personally the policy of the Government. It is the duty of my Ministers to support my constitutional rights by protecting them from doubt and obscurity, and I expect the same from all officials who have taken the oath of loyalty to me. I am far from wishing to restrict the freedom of elections—but the functionaries entrusted with the execution of my official acts are bound to support the policy of my Government, even at the elections. I shall acknowledge the faithful discharge of this duty, and shall expect all officials remembering their oath of allegiance to hold aloof, even at the elections, from all agitation against my Government."

Perhaps no more convincing proof is to be found of the inflexibility of purpose, and remarkable decision of character, which have distinguished the Emperor William throughout his long career than the foregoing declaration of his claim to rule in Prussia as a Monarch really governing the Kingdom.

KAISER WILHELM'S NINETIETH BIRTHDAY.

It was on Tuesday week, the 22nd ult., that his Majesty King William of Prussia, the German "Kaiser" or Emperor, attained the ninetieth year of his age, having reigned as King of Prussia from Jan. 2, 1861, and as Emperor of United Germany since Jan. 18, 1871, bearing the chief part in events of the greatest military and political importance, which are related in the preceding sketch of his public life. The manner in which the extraordinary birthday of the nonagenarian monarch was celebrated at Berlin, with a grand exhibition of German national sentiment and of Prussian homely affection, attesting his Majesty's popularity among all classes, was partly described in our last. The Royal and Imperial family festival was attended by two Kings and two Queens, five Crown Princes, four Grand Dukes, two Russian Grand Dukes, eleven Royal Princes, five reigning Dukes, four Hereditary Grand Dukes, and about fifty German Princes. Among these were the King and Queen of Saxony, the King and Queen of Roumania, the Prince of Wales, the Grand Duke and the Grand Duchess of Baden and Prince Louis of Baden, the Duke of Aosta, brother of King Humbert, and formerly King of Spain, the Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria, Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden, the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Vladimir of Russia and the Grand Duke Michael Nicolaievitch, the Grand Duke and Duke George Louis of Oldenburg, the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the Duke and Duchess of Anhalt, and the Hereditary Prince and Princess, the Crown Prince of Denmark, Prince and Princess William of Württemberg, Prince Louis of Bavaria, the Grand Duke of Hesse and the Prince and Princesses of that House, the Count and Countess de Flandre, the Duke and Duchess Maximilian, the Duke and Duchess Emanuel of Bavaria, Prince and Princess Komatsu of Japan, in their picturesque costumes, Prince Reuss, and many other Princes and Princesses. Special representatives of nearly all the European Governments were sent to offer their congratulations. The Pope and the Sultan, as well as other Sovereigns, and the President of the French Republic, sent telegraphic messages to the same effect.

The public festivities began, as we have stated, on the Monday night, with a torchlight procession of 2500 German students. This procession set out from the Kupfergraben, passing before the Arsenal, the Palace of the Crown Prince, and the Opera House. The students of the Berlin University came first, followed by the representatives of the Universities of Bonn, Breslau, Giessen, Greifswald, Halle, Heidelberg, Jena, Kiel, Königsberg, Leipsic, Marburg, Munster, Göttingen, and Strasburg; then came the representatives of the technical schools of Berlin, Brunswick, Darmstadt, Dresden, Hanover, Carlsruhe, Stuttgart; the pupils of the mining schools of Berlin, Clausthal, and Freiburg; the members of the agricultural and veterinary schools, and of the colleges of the Fine Arts and the Musical academies. The windows of the Emperor's Palace were brilliantly illuminated. The Emperor, with the Queens of Saxony and Roumania, the Archduke Rudolph, the Prince of Wales, and the Grand Dukes of Russia, witnessed the procession from the central balcony. While the carriages conveying the official representatives of the Universities passed by the Emperor's window, the bands struck up "Heil Dir im Siegerkranz," the crowd taking up the air and singing with fine effect. The Emperor, having watched the procession, sent to invite its leaders into the Palace, where, in presence of the Empress, his Majesty said:—

Convey to your committions my thanks that they joined in a demonstration which has afforded me such great gratification. Every other thing of the kind I declined, but I accepted the torchlight procession of the students because it has given me great pleasure to hear of the views now prevalent in the Universities, and which so greatly contributed to the happy issue of the last Elections. There were numerous addresses from the Universities, too, which corroborated this fact. The Dissolution of the Reichstag was a difficult and disagreeable step to take, but the new Elections, which have justified it and have given me such great pleasure, were largely due to the influence of the Universities of Northern and Southern Germany, and to the spirit animating your ranks. In these facts I see a guarantee for the future. I hope that you all, throughout your life, will always remember this moment when you have given me so much joy by this expression of your sentiments. I hope you will remain true to such views hereafter and throughout your later careers.

Next morning, the streets of Berlin were thronged by hundreds of thousands of holiday people. The streets were beautifully decorated; the monument of Frederick the Great was almost buried under garlands and wreaths of the choicest flowers, with bay-trees, presented by Herr Von Bleichröder, the British Consul-General. There were processions of children marching from their schools to the churches of different denominations, to attend services in commemoration of the Emperor's birthday. The air was full of joyful sounds—pealing of bells from all the churches, and the music of bands. The students turned out again in procession, and were enthusiastically greeted. Two hundred and fifty open two-horse carriages, eighty horsemen, and about two thousand students, marching on foot, defiled at ten o'clock before the Emperor's Palace, many students wearing the traditional top-boots, velvet jacket, tiny cap, and big sword. Huge standards and flags were carried by the students, and the procession was led by three on horseback in mediæval costumes, while the bands played national airs.

His Majesty, on rising that day, at eight o'clock, first received the congratulations of the personal servants of the Royal household. The Emperor remarked, "It has been God's will that I should live to see this day. It was a favour I could scarcely hope for, but if it be God's will, I may, perhaps, even live to see one more birthday." The Royal servants each received, as keepsakes from his Majesty, a small medal, with an inscription and the dates "1797, 22nd March, 1887." The Empress appeared about half-past nine, and affectionately congratulating her husband, conducted him to a room in which he found displayed a collection of birthday presents. The Palace could not hold the immense number of floral offerings coming from all parts. Of the birthday gifts from the members of the Imperial family, we may mention the Empress's present of a scarf of the pattern of Frederick the Great, and that the gift of the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Baden (the Emperor's only daughter) consisted of a large and beautiful clock of Black Forest workmanship, its gilded face decorated with portraits of the seven great-grandchildren of the Emperor. From the high Court dignitaries his Majesty received a water-colour painting by Scrbina, representing a spectacle which the Emperor enjoys every morning in Berlin, standing at his favourite corner window, when guard is mounted in the presence of crowds of citizens.

The audience of Royal personages and their congratulations lasted more than an hour, after which the Emperor declared the betrothal of Prince Henry of Prussia to the Princess Irene of Hesse. The betrothed couple received the congratulations of the Kings and Princes. The Emperor remained some time in conversation with Prince Ludovic of Bavaria and the Prince of Wales, as well as with the Grand Duke Vladimir, whom he charged to convey his hearty thanks to the Czar, feeling, he said, fully convinced that he would co-operate with him for the maintenance of peace. The Crown Prince and Prince William on arriving at the Palace were enthusiastically cheered. The Emperor walked out to the staircase with

LIFE OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR WILLIAM I.



HIS MAJESTY AT A PARADE OF THE ROYAL GUARDS.

"As King of Prussia, he thus expressed himself, 'I desire a Royal, not a Parliamentary Army!'"

the Grand Duchess Vladimir and Princess Mathilde of Saxony. At noon a battery posted at the Sieges Allée fired an Imperial salute. At one o'clock Prince Bismarck, the Imperial Chancellor, and Field-Marshal Von Moltke came to offer their congratulations to the Emperor. They were greeted on their way to and from the Palace with enthusiastic acclamations.

The procession organised by the municipal authorities to the Church of St. Nicholas, where the principal commemorative service of the day was held, started from the Townhall, preceded by the marshals, the heralds supporting the large town banner, and the evangelical clergy. Next followed the principal civil and military authorities, the members of the Institutes of Science and Art, the representatives of the mercantile community, the directors of the gymnasiums, the burgesses, the elders of the city, the municipal authorities, the town councillors, the unpaid communal officers, the rectors and masters of the communal schools, and all the other communal officials, the whole procession numbering more than 2000 persons. It included several bands, which played appropriate marches, alternated by chorals sounded by the trumpeters. The clergy and the municipal councillors wore their robes of office. On entering the church a prelude was played on the organ, after which the "Sylvum fac Regem" and the Ambrosian Hymn were chanted. The festival sermon was preached by Provost Brückner.

At half-past four the Kings, Princes, and special representatives dined with the Emperor and Imperial family at the Schloss, where they witnessed a performance of select dramatic and operatic scenes in the splendid White Saloon.

The *Official Gazette* of Berlin publishes an Imperial despatch, in which the Emperor, after expressing his heartfelt appreciation of the sympathetic interest taken by the people in his birthday, and his warmest thanks for the innumerable and affectionate attentions shown to him on this occasion, proceeds as follows:—

In my early youth I saw the Monarchy of my deeply afflicted father under a direful visitation, but I have also learned to know the devoted loyalty, the eager self-sacrifice, the unbroken strength, and the undaunted courage of my people in the days of their elevation and deliverance. Now, in my old age, after the many vicissitudes of my life, I look with pride and satisfaction upon the great transformations which the glorious events of the recent past and the imperishable evidence of German unity and sincere love of the Fatherland have effected in Germany. May the consummation achieved, after a long yearning, by our beloved country conduce, as I confidently hope it will, to the ever-increasing prosperity of all classes of the nation in the undisturbed and blessed labour of peace!

FRENCH CHILDREN'S PARTIES.

Whatever degree of customary observance of the recommendations of the Catholic Church may prevail among sedate and adult members of respectable society in France, children who have not yet been formally introduced into its communion are permitted a little indulgence of festive gaiety in the prescribed season of Lent. The pleasant sketches, by a popular French artist, M. Mars, which appear on a page of this week's publication, represent a few lively incidents of the innocent amusement of the young folk, who are quite as fond of fun as our own little boys and girls, and are somewhat more apt to imitate the style and manners of their elders in the display of social ambition.

Dancing, of course, is one of the first accomplishments of both sexes; it is always a pretty sight among the little people, and an instructive lesson in the art of carrying the person gracefully. Some attempt at improvising fancy costumes, but without masks, appears to have been made, with very simple materials, in the juvenile ball, which presents a pleasing scene of free enjoyment with considerable liberty of steps and gestures. The minor incidents and the separate figures and groups which are delineated by the artist, not omitting his own task with pencil and paper in portraying the ambiguous costume of a spirited little maiden whom he calls his "pet puzzle," will equally attract the readers' kindly notice. It is satisfactory to the friends of a diminutive damsel called "the Little Marquise," whose hair is done up in the antiquated fashion of the last century, while her large fan, long gloves, and floral wreath and bouquet seem rather to encumber her movements, that she intends to grow bigger, though in that case a remedy must be provided for the extreme shortness of her skirts. There is a small boy, also, dressed in a very tight and close-fitting single garment, with a Phrygian red cap, who already wishes himself tall enough to kiss a young lady of superior stature, without requiring her condescension to stoop for the willing caress. The sturdy little clown or "Pierrot," in a garb copied from the humorous common jester of a French circus, frankly owns an inordinate appetite for oranges, and is aided by a sister to reach one of his favourite fruit stored in a high épergne at the buffet, where the glass might be imperilled by leaving him alone to act for himself. Another boy, who has been exceedingly lucky at the "tombola" or raffle for prizes, carries off his load of toys with much exultation, especially hugging an image of some fantastic character, slightly resembling our familiar Punch, nearly as large as its fortunate new owner. As for the Baby, we should advise not giving her a taste of champagne.

RAILROAD REVERIES.

FROM EARL'S COURT TO BLACKFRIARS.—No. III.

We have now approached the close of our journey, which still yields its fruitful lessons. If, for example, a reminder were wanted of the irresistible sway of Change—alike for good and ill, with, let us hope, a solid balance to the credit of good—take it from Charing-cross. Man, it may be said, is through all vicissitudes the same. Perhaps; but how varied the medium in which he is obliged to work, or not work! Think of the gulf which yawns between the days of King Edward Plantagenet who built, and King Edward Watkin who restored, the touching and graceful memorial to the faithful Eleanor! The shade of Longshanks in the Elysian Fields must have often uttered a benison upon the railway director. From the Crusades to the locomotive and the permanent way, how prosaic it sounds! From the Dromond to the Orient steam-ship—from the Eastern Question of the eleventh and twelfth centuries to the same vexed imbroglio of our day, how amazing the transition! Yet man remains the same in essentials. The First Edward's motto was "Keep your covenants." If he did that, he was a true man. No Edward can do more.

The beautiful monument to Queen Eleanor was pulled down by order of "the House" in 1647—"for fear it should fall and kill them all," said a street ballad of the time. The Opposition poet, in good doggerel, insisted that the lawyers could not find their way to Westminster Hall because the landmark had disappeared! He then flings a dart at the City Fathers:—

Methinks the Common Council should
Of it have taken pity,
'Cuse, good old cross, it always stood
So firmly to the City.

Since crosses you so much disdain,
Faith, if I were as you,
For fear the King should rule again,
I'd pull down Tiburn too.

Perhaps the rhymster was a necessitous Cavalier; he certainly was not a Roundhead. But he may have been neither the one nor the other, and merely an indifferent poet hard up for a dinner. In any case, his verses reflect pretty faithfully a large segment of opinion.

Bewildered by miles of brick-and-mortar, how can the most imaginative figure to themselves the battle which was fought by Sir Thomas Wyat, the son of a witty poet, between Hyde Park-corner and Charing-cross against the troops of Queen Mary, who was present at the fight in Piccadilly? It is easier to call up the ghastly scenes witnessed by the ubiquitous Pepys, when the regicides were hanged and quartered near the cross. He tells us also, that the "drains" being open in that region, he had to drive to Westminster through the King's Mews, from which the falcons had long vanished into dust. How many proclamations have been read on this classic spot, the latest being the Declaration of War in 1854. Changed is the scene ever since then. The Northumberland lion is gone, and Landseer's lions have arrived. Instead of a fine vista to the Thames from Trafalgar-square, the builders have erected a gloomy defile, walled in by lofty cliffs. There are barrack-like hotels, with foreign names, and two great party clubs, or Conservative and Radical "Mother Societies," whose officials, grave "Caucusians," wield the "hektograph" instead of the sword and spear when they wish to "permeate" and annex the constituencies—a great improvement, no doubt, upon the rude methods of the Wyats and Hotspurs, yet one not without its dangers to the realm.

Might not even those who suffer from the "law's delay," aggravated by bills of costs, bestow a thought on passing through the Temple station upon the powerful Order which, in its day, overawed monarchs, and established something like an *imperium in imperio*. Unarmed monks were not always the most beneficial members of society; but they were preferable to the armed monks who, when their Order was dissolved, had become a considerable political and social nuisance. Yet the Temple and the Templar will always hold a high place in the records of mailed chivalry, and their name, for good and ill, will ever be associated with the Holy Land, which they sought to redeem from the gallant Moslems. May we consider the "Devil's Own" as the successors of those originally humble knights who rode two on a horse? At all events, the law students came in for a fine house when they got the heritage of the Knights Templars. Nor should the English people be ungrateful to a profession that has produced men who have struck so many stout blows for the liberties of England. If there have been cruel and time-serving Judges and barristers who have fawned on power, higher, finer, and courageous men have come from the Bar and the Bench, who stood up stoutly against the Crown when it invaded personal liberty. It is mainly due to the lawyers that freedom has "broadened down from precedent to precedent"; and, although it may be said that they were animated by the sturdy spirit of the nation, nevertheless it was they who gave it shape, and fixed strong principles in strong and exact language. But the Temple was not merely an abode of learning. It had its riots, its revels, and histrionic shows; for the gentlemen of the long robe are, or at least were, a cheerful, humorous, and

sprightly set. Even in their young days, they were prone to dandyism which required a curb, as well as combativeness on occasion. They "heard the chimes at midnight," measured swords with the ruffians of Alsacia, and, in Dryden's day, supplied the theatres with more beaux than the rest of the town. At least, "glorious John" makes Mrs. Bracegirdle say that she had more impudent billets-doux from the Temple than she received from fashionable Drury-lane and Royal Whitehall; and doubtless, an earlier generation, who "lived and thrived" when John Paston's parcels were left at "Herry Barborys, at the Tempill Gate," were equally showy in their attire out of court, as prone to love-making, and as ready with their swords as they were with their tongues. But the Temple is an inexhaustible mine containing a whole series of treasures, strata overlying strata, from the days of the stern warriors whose effigies are so impressive in the Round of the Temple Church, to our own time. They have not lost their vigour and hardihood, these successors of the mailed Templars; but it comes out now in the cricket-field, on the river, across country to hounds, and in climbing the rocks, glaciers, and snows of the Alps and the "frosty Caucasus." If the law is a dry study, it does not dry up the springs of humour; and if it makes narrow minds narrower, it gives breadth, and depth, and fulness to the men of "light and leading" who master its subtleties and distinctions, and are not mastered by its formulas and chicane. The Temple has a serious as well as a mirthful history: and it may stand as the symbol of that genuine progress which, after a sustained and prolonged conflict, has substituted in English polity the supremacy of law, which represents civil power, in lieu of the supremacy of arbitrary will, which is fully represented by the sword.

The last station on our brief excursion, Blackfriars, has a name which also suggests a buried past. The monks, however, who stamped their popular title on the locality, were not the first to make it historical. A follower of William the Norman built there, on the ruins of Roman and Saxon predecessors, a castle, outside the city wall and, of course, with a water gate on the Thames. In after years the Friary stood here, and Charles V. lodged in it; and, oddly as the phrase sounds now, here also was the Palace of Bridewell—perhaps the well is there now, sacred to St. Bride—and no less a person than Wolsey lived in it, and called it his own. Little did he think that the stately abode of Kings and Cardinals would become the home of delinquents, and survive in that character three hundred years after he had exemplified by his fall and death the "vanity of human wishes," or rather ambitions. A brighter and a better man than he has also cast a lustre over Blackfriars, one Will Shakespeare, whose name is for ever associated with Playhouse-yard, and that of Burbage, for both lighted up this little corner of London in "the spacious times of great Elizabeth," and have projected their splendour on ages yet to come. The outward signs of their habitation and all that surrounded it have vanished. Montfichet's gloomy castle, Wolsey's palace, the great poet's theatre, the City walls, and even Bridewell are known no more. It is a new world there as elsewhere.

If we have shown how a short journey through the historic stations may be rendered even shorter by pleasant and picturesque reveries, our purpose is served, and we may alight and go look at St. Paul's or stroll along the magnificent Embankment—that mark of the Victorian era which the great Elizabeth herself would have been proud to stamp upon her reign.

The Victoria Club, for ladies only, at 12, Princes-street, Hanover-square, will open on April 12. The object of this club is to afford to members, residing in or visiting the West-End of London, the advantages only to be found at an institution of this kind, in an exceptionally central and desirable situation.

A festival to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of the foundation of the Victoria Hospital for Sick Children, Queen's-road, Chelsea, and Churchfields, Margate, will take place at the Hôtel Métropole, Northumberland-avenue, on Friday, May 6, the Duke of Cambridge in the chair. The object of this festival is to raise £4000 to pay off the debt on the new outpatient wing, opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales on June 30, 1886. The total cost of this building and furnishing has amounted in all to about £8000.

The Royal Humane Society has bestowed rewards for saving or attempting to save life upon the undermentioned persons:—J. Thornton, J. Crickmore, H. Wright, and F. Brigge, all of H.M.S. Rambler, for saving fourteen persons who were capsized from a boat in Hong-Kong Harbour on Jan. 31; Private D. G. Allenby, 1st Battalion Liverpool Regiment, for saving Miss Kate Splint, who fell into the Grand Canal at Dublin, Feb. 27; G. P. Gilbert, J. E. Challoner, and W. B. Ginn, for attempting to save three boys at Northfleet, Jan. 8; Robert Armstrong and Gilbert Grey, for saving Mary Smith in the River Coquet, Warkworth, Jan. 26; J. Jarrett, R.N., for saving Lucy Harwood at Portsmouth Dockyard, Dec. 20; John Gibson and Bernard Shields, for saving Thomas McNeese in Peter's Lake, Monaghan, Dec. 24; and G. Dixey and E. Dixey, for saving a number of boys in the Wash, Whittlesey, Cambridgeshire, Nov. 13.

tinted with the loveliest delicacy, it yet has strength and elasticity sufficient for the protection of all the underlying frame, tissue, muscle, bone, and nerve. Everywhere a network of sudorific ducts, veins, and pores, it constantly renews itself, and not only with its ceaseless desquamation, but with its natural functional action, eliminates all waste, accumulation, and disease. How can it perform its natural function if its ducts are clogged by paint and powder? With the skin entirely coated in varnish a person will not live six hours; with the face varnished in cosmetics, into what state of disease will not the seat and throne of loveliness be cast? Time itself cannot "delve the parallels in beauty's brow" so soon as cosmetics can. The myriad capillaries of the skin require to be kept in perfect order, merely to prevent its disease. To keep them in perfect order they must be allowed to play their part of removing used-up matter from the inside as well as of throwing off dust and soil from the outside.

It would be cruel in us to excite the interest of the gentler sex in the matter of complexion if we could not offer a possible panacea without fear of undue preference. It is a fact well known to dermatologists that for several years the Cuticura Medicated Toilet Soap has been unrivalled as a skin beautifier. Not only does it contain the delicate odour and emollient and cleansing properties of the finest toilet soaps, but it goes a step further than any soap yet prepared; and, by reason of its delicate, yet effective, medical properties derived from Cuticura, is enabled to remove skin blemishes by restoring to activity those diseased or inflamed vessels of the skin which cause complexion disfigurements. It so purifies the pores, and enlivens and strengthens the glands; that the skin comes into that normal condition of positive wholesomeness in which it calls for the richest blood and freest action, so that the damask flush comes and goes upon the cheek with the shifting beauty of the northern lights in the sky. No woman is insensible to the advantages given by the bounding fulness of the vein under the transparence of a perfect skin; but no woman can have either the bounding vein or the transparent skin who does not maintain the health of the circulation and excretion by the pleasant friction of the bath with delicately medicated soap.

Wherever the Cuticura Soap is daily used with soft water, directly upon the face, there will be no sallowness, no pimples, no blackheads, no new warts and moles, and no eruptions or rashes; while roughness and fissures will speedily disappear, chaps will be impossible, and that general redness, which gives to every face suffering from it an air of blowzy vulgarity, will yield to a soft fairness, with the blush only upon the cheek and chin. The chemist who originally sought and found the constituents of Cuticura, from which this Soap derives its purifying and beautifying properties, did it for the relief of one dear to him, and felt rewarded in his success. But the sufferings of how many others unknown to him has he allayed, and what gratitude has he received? Nothing is known in science to equal the Cuticura Soap for its peculiar property of cleansing clogged pores, freshening the accustomed lubricators, and rendering the skin flexible, smooth, and fair. That disfiguring and mortifying condition of the chin and mouth, which, with scurf and scales, afflicts so many women in middle life, is destroyed by it, with now and then an anointing of Cuticura, or an occasional dose of Cuticura Resolvent; and the young girl tortured by humiliating acne will find her forehead smooth and fair as an infant's if she perseveres in its use. It is guaranteed by the State Assayers and Chemists of Massachusetts to be free from any mineral, metallic, or vegetable poison, and to contain not one particle of anything noxious; and neither art nor medicine is able to do anything for the skin that shall render it more healthy, fresh, and radiant with beauty than has now been done by the discovery of the Cuticura Medicated Toilet Soap.

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ANCIENT AND MODERN ARTIFICES of the TOILET AND BATH.

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The frightful extent to which the arts of the toilet are now being carried, leads one to question if many of the prevailing diseases of the skin—especially of the skin of the face and throat—are not due to the action of cosmetics upon so delicate and complex a surface. The production of rouge alone has reached shocking proportions; while that of chalk and bismuth, arsenic, antimony, and other aids to artifice, do not fall far behind. No expense has been spared, both in the present and in the past, in bringing these articles to the last point of perfection; and Sir Humphrey Davy has related an instance of an English manufacturer of rouge offering a thousand pounds for the secret of a Frenchman's superior preparation, the sole secret being, however—to such nicety had the manufacture been brought—that in France rouge could be made under the bright sun that Nature had denied to the British manufacturer; a sunbeam turning the scale.

But they who make use of rouge for Nature's flush, and chalk and bismuth for her snow; who, like Jezebel, put their eyes in painting with antimony; who reddens their lips with salves, and resort to lotions and potions of arsenic and mercury, with the idea that so, like Petruchio's Shrew, they may look as clear as morning roses newly washed with dew, make a ruinous mistake. Not to speak of the risks of turning blue and green under the action of certain gases, or of the twitching paralysis invited by metallic lotions, such persons will wake one day not to that mere absence of colour and lustre which they had before, but to the presence of positive ugliness—to a nauseously yellow, blotted and speckled brow and cheek that make beauty for evermore impossible.

In the time of Louis XV. of France, there was issued a decree announcing that whosoever by means of red or white paint, perfumes, or essences, or other arts of the toilet, should seek to entice into marriage any of his Majesty's male subjects, should be prosecuted for witchcraft, and declared unfit for matrimony; and the same runs as an unwritten decree in all men's minds to-day. Why should one fill up the wondrously intricate pores of the skin with poison to be absorbed into the system, when exactly the opposite course is all that is needed, the opening and cleansing of the pores with properly medicated soap and water, in order that existing poison may be cast out, thus acquiring the pure rose and white natural to every healthy skin? Othello himself, in his hour of madness, would not mar the skin of Desdemona.

"That whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster."

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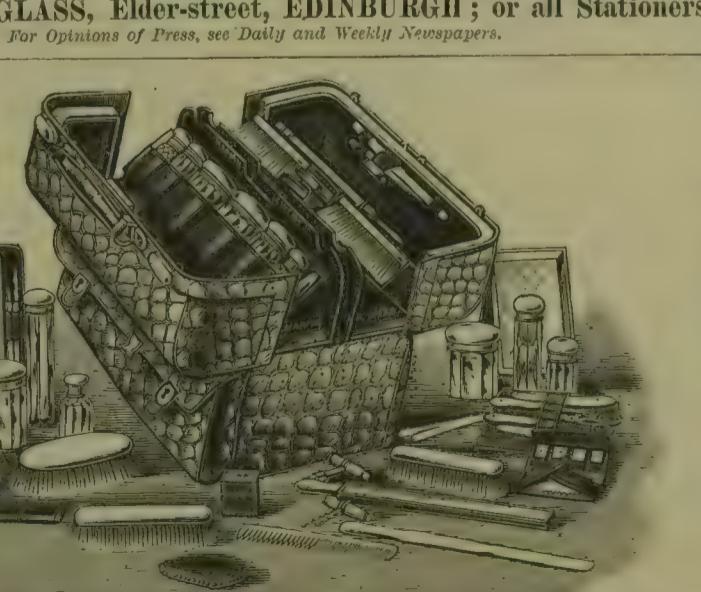
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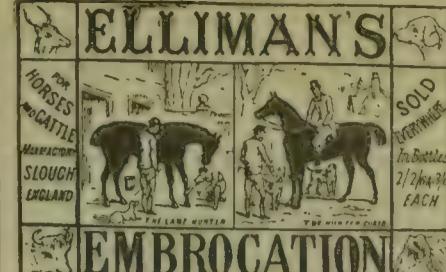
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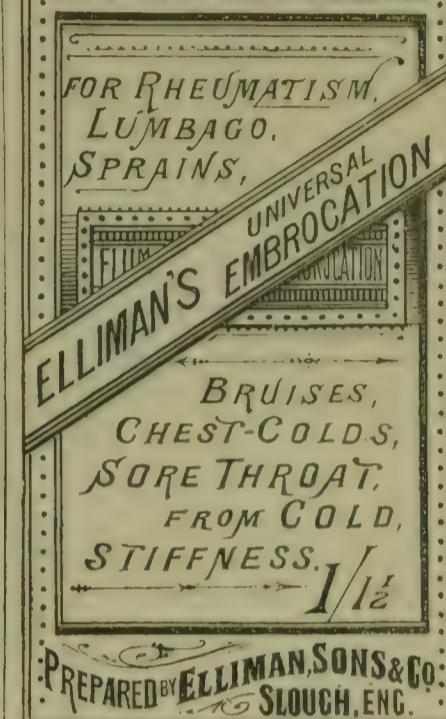
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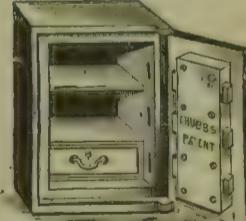
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5. An ambitious little boy.
6. The great winner at the tombola.

7. Nurse wonders whether Baby
would like champagne.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE RIVIERA.



THE VILLA EDELWEISS, THE TEMPORARY RESIDENCE OF THE QUEEN AT CANNES.



DISTANT VIEW OF THE VILLA EDELWEISS.

A CENTURY AGO.

APRIL, 1787.

April the First is licensed for a little foolery; and, although a "poisson d'Avril" now-a-days, both in Paris and London, takes the graceful form of a fish filled with bon-bons, yet the old style of mild practical joking has not yet disappeared; and "Oh! you April fool!" may still be heard. A hundred years since, it was just the same, as we find recorded the old joke of the lions in the Tower being washed. Some of my readers may not be aware that the Tower was the Royal Menagerie of England from 1235, when Frederick II. of Germany presented Henry III. with three leopards, in compliment to his coat-of-arms; and here all gifts of wild beasts from foreign potentates were kept, till November, 1834. There were bears—notably one white bear, which had a long chain, and was allowed to fish in the Thames—and other animals; but the King of Beasts was the *pièce de résistance* in the menagerie, and yet his nobility was insulted by being turned into an April 1 joke. It certainly is only mentioned as a political skit, but it shows that the old hoax then obtained. "The Major of the Tower is dead—a vacancy for that venerable fortress waits to be filled up. Mr. Burke has only a promise of being the keeper of the wild beasts—tygers, &c., and yesterday he went down to see the ceremony of washing their faces."

Is it true? But in the *World* of Monday, April 2, I read:—"Yesterday, at twelve o'clock, their Majesties, accompanied by the Princess Royal and Princess Augusta, came from the Queen's House [now Buckingham Palace] to St. James's, and heard Divine service performed at the Chapel Royal; after which there was a Drawingroom, at which were present," &c. On Good Friday there was no Levée, but there was a Drawing-room on the previous day, in Passion Week—Holy or Maunday Thursday. The theatres, however, were shut up, as they have been until lately, and loud were the complaints that the "players should be obliged to fast by Act of Parliament." But Drawingrooms and Levées used to be much more frequent than now, as the following list will show. There is one long hiatus—the Easter Holiday; and between the others the King and Queen stopped two days or so in London, and then thought nothing of posting to Windsor, staying a day there for recreation and hunting, and then posting back to London to resume their social duties. In spite of the Easter Holidays, which occupied a fortnight out of the month, there were four Drawingrooms—on April 1st, 5th, 19th, and 25th; and six Levées—on April 2nd, 4th, 18th, 20th, 24th, and 26th.

Very early in the month it was hinted that a reconciliation might possibly be effected between the King and the Prince of Wales; but it was not yet to be. He was then a young man about town, a veritable "Jessamy," as we see by his portrait, published in April, 1787, deeply in debt, and living with a fast set; but he was retrenching, and even making efforts to be relieved from his liabilities, as we learn from the official *London Gazette*, April 14-17:—"Carlton House, April 17, 1787. The Commissioners of his Royal Highness

rogues then who would even coin false halfpence. At first I thought that these counterfeits were the tokens which had just come in to relieve the scarcity of copper coinage; but it was not so; they were veritable forgeries, and there were found people who openly acknowledged that they would buy them. It commences, as far as I can see, in an advertisement in the *World*, April 3, that "Halfpence will be taken on terms very advantageous to the public," &c.

In the same paper (April 5) is a paragraph that a new coinage of halfpence and farthings was nearly finished at the Mint at the Tower, and that it was expected to stop the passing of any base coin. And this *aviso* seems to have been necessary, according to a somewhat amusing letter (*Ibid.*, April 6), "By the law of this kingdom, the receiving as well as the paying false or counterfeit copper money is felony—that is, the offending party may be transplanted into the fertile colony of Botany Bay, or enjoy the cooling breeze from the Thames, near Woolwich, in the pleasant county of Kent (i.e., the convict hulks or vessels in which they were confined). Therefore, let me conjure the fair part of my fellow-subjects, especially such of them as are so delicate that their lily hands must not touch nor their bewitching eyes see halfpence, never to accept the copper coin in the modish way of giving it—viz., wrapped up in paper."

But some of these forgers were occasionally caught; as we read in the *London Chronicle*, April 21-24, of three men who were convicted of making, coining, and counterfeiting the current copper coin of the realm, called halfpence. The prisoners were actually at work, and a large quantity of counterfeit money was seized.

The Warren Hastings trial was dragging its slow length along, and among other things which cropped up were the fortunes amassed by the returned Indian officials, and, if they were anything like true, they must have shaken the "Pagoda Tree" to some purpose. The *General Advertiser*, April 7, says: "Public rumour is but a lying jade at best—but, if she speaks true, there are four gentlemen in England whose fortunes are—Impey, Middleton, Hughes, and Cuthbert, each £500,000—in all £2,000,000. There are two brothers of the Cuthberts whose fortunes united amount to the above £500,000—and Mr. Hastings, by all accounts, cannot muster £60,000." The *World*, April 10, commenting on this, says, "To this may be added with equal truth, Sheridan, £600,000; Burke, £600,000; Fox, £600,000. Total, £600,000!"

The fashions did not then change from month to month as they do now, but the hat of Georgina, Duchess of Devonshire, about whose "Gainsborough" portrait, and its mysterious disappearance, there was such a noise some few years since, seems to me to merit reproduction, especially as genuine costumes of this period are so very scarce.

With the month of April began the out-of-door amusements. On Monday, the 9th, Ranelagh opened its gates to the gay world; but it does not seem to have been a success, if we may judge from a contemporary account of the people who went there: "Not twenty! No ton! No beauty! No crowding—all smooth and easy, a vacuum interspersed with ennui!"

Sadler's Wells, then in its youth, commenced its season. Its easy access from the City, where people then really dwelt, rendered it very popular, and it opened on Easter Monday with a variety entertainment of gymnastic Spaniards, "a little devil" on the tight rope, comic and other dancing, a concert, and a pantomime: and what more could people want?

In reading the newspapers of this time, hardly one can be taken up without some story of highway robbery; but I never (except the fabled *coranto* of Claude Duval) met with anything more polite than the following:—"London Chronicle, 7-10—Saturday (April 7), in the afternoon, as the two Miss Staples went to take a walk in St. James's Park, they were met in Birdcage-walk by two genteel young men, who addressed them in the following manner: 'Ladies, we are two unfortunate men who have been touched by some gamblers of all our money, and have not a friend to give us any to supply our necessary wants; therefore intreat you both to deliver us all the money you have in your pockets. Make no delay, for we must have it,' on which they delivered to them about £3 in gold and silver. They then said—'Ladies, remember that we did not rob you, but you gave it us on our asking you to assist us in our distressed situation!'"

On April 14 was commenced a piece of mechanical engineering, which I do not think has since been applied. Islington

Church was being thoroughly repaired, and the steeple also sadly wanted looking to. To avoid the cumbersome scaffolding, which would have been generally necessary to effect the repair, an ingenious basket-maker, named Birch, designed and finished a cage for the steeple, composed entirely of willow, hazel, and other sticks, with a wicker-work spiral staircase inside. This novel scaffolding, which was much cheaper than the ordinary method, he seems to have previously tried with success at St. Albans. His contract was for £20, but so great was the curiosity that numbers came to see it, and a charge was made

of 6d. a head to mount the staircase, so that he netted, over and above his contract, some two or three pounds a day.

There was a social question that vexed the souls of the good people a century ago, and, what made it none the pleasanter, it touched their pockets. One would think that false coinage

would only pay on the higher coins, but there were pitiful

On April 17 so noted a prize-fight took place between Martin and Mendoza that I must not fail to chronicle it, especially as the Prince of Wales was present. It ended in a victory for the Jew, who was brought in great triumph to London, with lighted torches, and martial music playing "See the Conquering Hero comes." Such enthusiasm over a couple of prize-fighters many of us can remember in the case of Heenan and Sayers.

Later on in the month, there was a scheme before Parliament to tax shops; but it met with such opposition that it came to nothing.

The month winds up with a wonderful dream, which is thus recorded:—"Dr. Meggs, a physician in considerable practice, had occasion to attend a family in the Isle of Wight. Being detained till a late hour, he took a bed at the house; but after tumbling about for some hours, he rose, and rung up the servants. He told them that he had tried in vain to sleep; but that his imagination was haunted with the idea that this wife and children were murdered. No persuasions could prevail on him to stay. He set off—it was a blowing night, and it was with great difficulty that he could procure the boatman to take him over. He, however, arrived, and knocked at his door. His wife opened it. He eagerly inquired if all was well? If the child was safe? And why she had opened the door? She said the child was perfectly well; and she had opened the door because the servants would not come—they had behaved very impertinently to her. He called one of them, and questioned her as to her conduct. She gave him some pert answers; but, at length, falling upon her knees, she said that he had come home providentially, for she and her fellow servant had resolved to murder their mistress and the child that they might plunder the house. The servant made the same confession in the morning, upon oath, before a magistrate."

J. A.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO CANNES.

Her Majesty, with Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg, leaving Windsor last Tuesday morning, and crossing the Channel from Portsmouth to Cherbourg, would travel to Cannes, arriving there on Thursday afternoon. The sojourn of the Queen and their Royal Highnesses at Cannes will extend till Monday, when they will go to Aix-les-Bains. During the four or five days at Cannes, her Majesty resides at the Villa Edelweiss, which has been placed at her disposal by Mr. Savile. Two Illustrations of the Villa Edelweiss are presented this week. Cannes has been frequently described; and recent letters have given some account of its social life among the numerous English visitors, including many persons of rank and fashion, and of the visit of the Prince of Wales to that place, which, happily, was spared all serious injury from the earthquake that disturbed and damaged several other towns of the Riviera. It is a town of 15,000 people, including the average number of visitors, 120 miles from Marseilles, seventy-nine from Toulon, and twenty from Nice. Its situation, extending four or five miles along the shore of the Gulf of Jouan, Cape Croisette, and the Gulf of Napoule, affords a variety of delightful seaviews; and the valley of Le Cannet, and other sheltered parts, enjoy complete protection from cold winds, at least from the northerly and north-easterly winds, being shielded by the Esterel and the Maritime Alps, the hills rising there, on three sides, 800 ft., 1500 ft., and 2000 ft. in height. The latitude is nearly the same as that of Florence; and the sun has great power even in winter, the average temperature at that season being ten degrees higher than in England, with no fog or damp, and with little rain; the air, however, is bracing and stimulating, and proves beneficial to many invalids. Until 1834, Cannes was little known to foreigners, but in that year Lord Brougham, then our Lord Chancellor and a personage of great political importance, chose it for his annual winter residence, and his example was largely followed; and there he died, in 1868, ninety years of age. The accidental death, as it must be considered, of the late Duke of Albany at Cannes, on March 28, 1884, has rendered the place more interesting to our Royal family, and to all who cherish that esteem for the memory of the lamented Prince, which is now perpetuated by the erection of St. George's English Church, opened a few weeks ago in the presence of his Royal brother the Prince of Wales. It is not unlikely that the Queen's present visit to Cannes may have been prompted by a desire to see for herself this permanent memorial of a sad event in which the affectionate feelings of a mother must always be deeply concerned.

A return recently issued shows that the net annual income derived by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners from property in Wales is £31,000; the annual payments to Bishops, Chapters, Archdeacons, and others in Wales, including £1500 paid to St. David's College, Lampeter, is £32,023, and the annual value of grants in augmentation of benefices in Wales is £33,198.

The following are the circuits chosen by the Judges for the ensuing Spring Assizes, which are expected to commence about April 19:—Western Circuit, Mr. Justice Denman; South-Eastern Circuit, Mr. Justice Field; Oxford Circuit, Mr. Baron Huddleston; North-Eastern Circuit, Justices Manisty and Grantham; Midland Circuit, Mr. Justice Hawkins; North and South Wales Circuits, Mr. Justice Mathew; Northern Circuit, Justices Day and Wills. Prisoners only will be tried at these Assizes, except at Leeds, Manchester, and Liverpool, at which places both civil and criminal business will be taken.

The Board of Trade have awarded their silver medal for humanity in saving life at sea to Mr. Joseph F. Corning, master of the steam-ship Iberia, of Ardrossan, in recognition of his kindness and humanity to the shipwrecked crew of the barque Annabella, of Banff, whom he rescued, in the Bay of Biscay, on Nov. 12, 1886. They have also awarded the silver medal for gallantry to Mr. Duncan Murphy, mate of the Iberia; and their bronze medals for gallantry, and a sum of money to each of the following seamen, who, with Mr. Murphy, manned the rescuing boat on the occasion:—William Soulis, Allan Cameron, and Donald M'Lennan, of the Iberia; and Lorencia Manatan, Henry Bradshaw, and George Reilly, of the Annabella. The three last-named seamen were rescued in the first trip of the Iberia's boat, and returned in her, on the second trip, to save the rest of their shipmates.

Regret has been expressed that the memorial to the late Randolph Caldecott, which some of his friends are desirous of erecting, should not find a place in Kensington Gardens, or some such spot where children meet and play. It was to children that Caldecott chiefly addressed himself in his work, and it is by children that his memory will be kept green for many generations. Unfortunately, the means at the disposal of the committee have not allowed them to contemplate anything more elaborate than a slab in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, to be placed beside that in memory of George Cruikshank. If, however, funds be forthcoming, the committee may be induced to reconsider their determination; but for both one and the other object funds are needed, and contributions may be addressed either to T. Armstrong, Esq., Director for Art, South Kensington Museum, S.W., or to B. Seaman, Esq., Union Bank, Holborn-circus, E.C.



the Prince of Wales's Treasury, hereby give Notice to the several Creditors who have delivered a State of their Demands upon his Royal Highness to July 5, 1786. . . . that a Payment of Nine per Cent upon the Amount of such Debts will commence on Tuesday, the 24th inst., &c."

As the financial position of the Prince was one of the principal social topics of the month, I must be pardoned, if, in recounting its history, I somewhat dwell upon it. On the 24th, all creditors were paid nine per cent, as promised, and all debts under £50 were wiped out, and a promise was made that at the next dividend all debts under £100 were to be paid, and the general creditors were to receive a larger dividend.

Audi alteram partem is always a good rule, therefore I quote a paragraph from the *London Chronicle*, April 26-28:—"The Prince of Wales's income is not more than £62,000, taking the revenues of the Duchy at £12,000, which they are now expected to produce, though they have not netted more than £10,000. Of this sum he has delivered into the hands of trustees, for the benefit of his creditors, £30,000. Of the remaining £30,000, or £32,000, he is obliged to appropriate £14,000 a year to the maintenance of a state not incident to any private nobleman, which makes no part of his domestic establishment or of his daily expense. Of this £14,000 the sum of £3500 is paid in pensions properly belonging to the Civil List, and which were saddled on him when he came to Carlton House. All, therefore, that he has to apply to his personal expenditure is £16,000 a year. Out of this he has to pay £1000 for the taxes of Carlton House. The indispensable repairs of the palace cost him £1000 more; and with the inconsiderable residue of £14,000 a year he has to maintain his table, his household, his carriages, horses, stables (for there are none belonging to Carlton House), his dress, his patronage of the arts, and, what was the best part of his former expense, his benevolence."

There was a social question that vexed the souls of the good people a century ago, and, what made it none the pleasanter,



ART EXHIBITIONS.

The Society of Lady Artists—which now holds its annual exhibition at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly—has succeeded this year in bringing together between five and six hundred pictures, of which a large proportion display a more than average degree of merit. The line which, among ladies, divides professional from amateur artists is a very fine one; but we may take it that all those who exhibit here are anxious to sell their work, whilst many are, doubtless, altogether dependent on it. If the latter alternative be applicable to many of the present exhibitors, we can only repeat what we have said on former occasions, that you may obtain a good deal of honest work for very little money. Among the ladies who exhibit elsewhere, Mrs. Kate Perugini is represented by a charming little maiden, "Peggie" (236), in a long maize-coloured smock, hugging a red apple; Miss Hilda Montalba by a clear, but cold view of "The Armenian Convent" (241) at Venice; Mrs. Merritt by an apparently unfinished sea-study, "A Nook on Strumble Head" (285); Miss Annie L. Robinson by a most powerfully painted study of children, "Red Rose in White Rose Garden" (271), and by a renamed work, "Danza" (336)—a country-girl, with sticks in her apron, finding doubtful shelter under that shrub which is said never to be out of blossom; and Mrs. K. Gardner-Hastings by two or three delicately coloured and carefully drawn female heads, "In Maiden Meditation" (9), "A Maid of Araby" (41), and "Edith" (390). Amongst the veteran lady-artists (we intend no reflection on their age) the most noteworthy works are Mrs. Adrienne Stoke's "He and She" (47), two village children against a dark bank, and "Rising Tears" (441); Mrs. Paul Nastel and her equally distinguished daughter, Miss Maud Nastel, each represented by five works, chiefly English scenery; Miss Kate Macaulay, who alternates between the grey Thames near London and the rich yellow haze of our Eastern coasts; Miss Melicent Grose, who finds plenty of fresh subjects in Breton scenery, but is not less happy in her treatment of the warmer colouring of "Hyères" (21); and Miss Louise Rayner, who is still faithful to Old Edinburgh. Among the other ladies we should especially notice Miss Charlotte Spiers' "Feeding Pigs" (36), a simple subject delicately treated; Miss Mary Stevens' "Bit of Colour" (51), a butterfly, a humming-bird, and a peacock's feather; Miss Ada Currey's strongly-painted head of an elderly lady (120); Mrs. Marrable's "Side-street in Siena" (127), a difficult bit of perspective honestly grappled with; and her "Design for a Fan" (238); Miss Freeman Kempson's "Inside the Harbour" (152), and "Outside the Harbour" (163); Miss Hickstall Smith's "Sorry Simple Clown" (154), a boy in a meadow with sheep; Mlle. Von Pritzelwitz's "Peasant Bride" (249); Miss K. Bywater's child, with bonnet awry, defending an old doll (259); Mrs. Fanny Bertie's "Bavarian Kitchen" (308); Madame Schwartz's "Young Widow" (314); Miss Bertha Newcombe's "Late Spring" (340); Miss E. G. Cohen's "Sweetest Lass" (387); Miss Lily Blatherwick's "Christmas Roses" (416); Miss Clara Montalba's "Old Dredger" (417); Miss S. A. Doidge's "Sunny Afternoon" (445); and Madame Bisschop's "Sweet Sleep" (560), in spite of our doubts as to whether a child of such tender years ever sleeps with so many pillows. Altogether, the exhibition is a most interesting one, and contains many works which we are reluctantly compelled to leave unnoticed.

The Fine-Art Society's exhibitions (148, New Bond-street) succeed one another rapidly, and before Mr. David Murray's Picardy scenes are a fortnight old the attractions of the galleries are enhanced by Mr. F. A. Bridgman's "Glimpses of the East," which replace Mr. MacWhirter's "Land of Burns." Picture amateurs are thus enabled to survey Nature from "China to Peru" without leaving Bond-street, and with less trouble than if they committed themselves to the care of Messrs. Cook. Mr. Bridgman's "Glimpses of the East" are, it must be admitted, bright and attractive, suggesting brilliant sunshine, gleaming courtyards, blue tiles, and inexhaustible wardrobes. The author of the preliminary note of the catalogue has clearly allowed himself to be carried away by his subject's love of colour and gaudy detail—though he fails to reproduce his dashing method. The truth is that the general effect upon the eye and mind produced by Mr. Bridgman's two hundred and thirty sketches is one of bewilderment. One looks anxiously for some simple arrangement of colour on which to rest the distracted eye. "An Arab Restaurant" (8), at Algiers, "The Nomads at Biskra" (11), "The Women at the Tomb of Abd-el-Rahman" (54), or "The Negro Fête at Blidah" (33), are practically suggestions of sunlight and colour to which much work is necessary before they can assume the name of pictures. When we come, however, to such works as "Morning in Nubia" (31), with the deep stream sweeping silently along the front of the pale mountains, or the cold grey "Atlas Mountains" (79), we can realise, though perhaps inadequately, Mr. Bridgman's powers as a landscape painter. It is, however, in his more ambitious works, such as "The Procession of the Sacred Bull" (103), "A Hot Bargain" (127) in the blazing Cairo market, or the lively group entitled "Off for a Ride" (183), that we trace upon the ardent, eager American the influence of his art-training under the Frenchman Gérôme. We do not doubt that master's attachment to his pupil, as stated in the preface to the catalogue; but we should be disposed to think that it was the latter's nature rather than his art which formed the bond of sympathy between the Frenchman and the American. When, too, one looks with care into the composition of such works as "Idle Moments" (195), a woman looking seaward from the white-teraced house top; the "Garden at Grez" (76), worthy of Pinwell; or the "Grey Day on the Terraces" (60), we are conscious of other influences having been at work besides Gérôme's. Among the more sober coloured pictures it is only right to notice the "View of the Dent du Midi" (66), and some of the decorative panels, which give evidence of careful drawing.

The Whitechapel Fine-Art Exhibition, which was formally opened by Sir George Trevelyan on Tuesday, fully maintains the reputation of former years. It was in 1881 that the Rev. S. A. Barnett, the energetic Vicar of St. Jude's, Whitechapel, first determined that the inhabitants of the East-End of London should have the chance of seeing pictures at least as good as those exhibited at Burlington House. He found support not only among the owners of first-rate works of art, but amongst the best artists themselves, who freely sent important pictures. In 1881 the number of visitors was about 10,000, last year they exceeded 55,000; and, as evidence that these visitors were willing to bear their share of the expenses incurred, it should be mentioned that about £40 in coppers was found in the boxes placed in the rooms—no charge being made for admission. The present exhibition is the first in the new rooms specially built for the purpose, and contains some admirable specimens of work by Mr. G. F. Watts, Mr. Tadema, Mr. Burne Jones, Mr. Briton Rivière, Mr. Marcus Stone, and many others. It will remain open until April 19, and be open daily (Sundays included) from ten a.m. to ten p.m.

The Guildhall Art Gallery has been visited by nearly 35,000 persons since its opening last July. The collection of paintings has received some additions from a few members of the Court of Common Council.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.
 R. A. (Leamington).—We found it deceptive, and, on that account, rather difficult. It appears below.
 P. E. (Singapore).—We wish you a safe journey to the Himalaya Mountains, and shall be glad to hear of your arrival.
 A. F. M. (Jamaica).—We shall endeavour to find space for a notice of your book, and several others, in an early number.
 A. D. R. (Paris).—Thanks for the interesting account of the interview with President Grévy. The request seems to us a bold one, and we wish the American Committee success in their enterprise.
 C. E. G. (Wrexham).—If you write to the secretary of any metropolitan club, we have no doubt you will obtain a copy of their rules.
 F. E. P. (Brighton).—The author of the set of problems "Etak" is Mr. B. G. Laws; of the set "Apple Fritters" Mr. C. M. Planck; of the set "Vive la Bagatelle" Mr. J. W. Abbott. The play in the four-move problem of the latter set was an indeterminate first move, White having the power to play either 1. B to R 7th (the author), or 1. B to K 6th. The third prize was, we believe, awarded to Mr. James Rayner (Leeds) for the set "Revolution."
 C. R. (Chester).—If your solution has not been acknowledged it was incorrect.
 PROBLEMS received, with thanks, from F. Ilcley, E. N. Frankenstein, and E. Varain (Munich).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2232 and 2233 received from Bandsman P. Edwards (Singapore); of 2236 from John E. Andrew; of 2239 to 2241 from Pierce Jones; of 2240 from Blanche Guthrie, E. G. Boys, Thomas Chown, W. Lillie, W. H. D. Heuven, Section d'Échecs Société Littéraire (Geneva), and Edwin Smith.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2241 received from J. Hall, L. Desanges, H. Wardell, North-Bac, E. Featherstone, Major Prichard, E. Casella (Paris), W. R. Bailem, Nérina, T. G. Ware, N. S. Harris, Hereward, C. Oswald, Shadforth, Jupiter, J. Turner, Charles H. Morton, Otto Fuller (Ghent), H. Oliver, Icninga, A. C. Hunt, G. T. Smith, R. L. Smith, Section d'Échecs Société Littéraire (Geneva), W. Hullier, Rev. Gaskin (Glasgow), H. Lucas, R. Tweddell, Sergeant James, Sage, H. Wardell, Thomas Chown, L. Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, Heathcote, Joseph Ainsworth, Thomas Letchford, C. Davrash, R. F. N. Banks, S. Bulden, Rev. W. W. Cooper, T. Roberts, Edwin Smith, B. R. Wood, E. G. Boys, R. H. Brown, W. Biddle, R. Worters, Jack, W. Lillie, Alpha, Commander W. L. Martin (R.N.), Charles K. Hattersley, Peterhouse, E. B. Schwann, Rev. R. V. French, J. Rayner Bettis, and F. F. Pott.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEMS.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to Q 7th	Any move	1. K to K 7th	R to Kt 7th
2. Mates accordingly.		2. B to K 6th	Any move

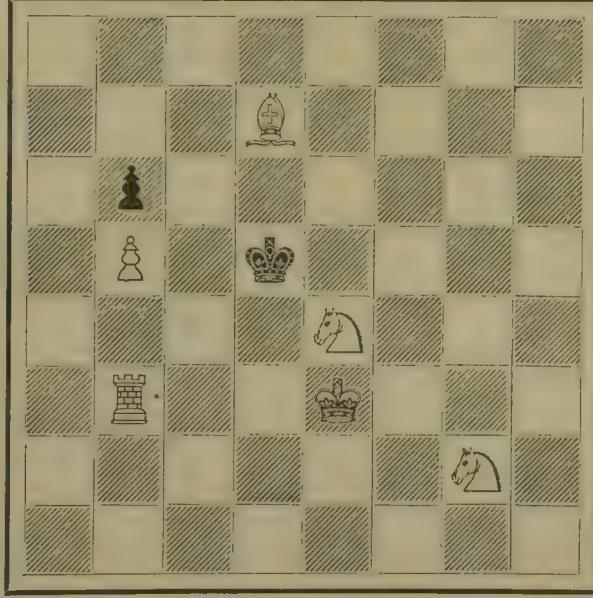
3. Mates accordingly.

Variations obvious.

PROBLEM NO. 2243.

By R. ASPA (Leamington).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge opened their annual chess campaign on Tuesday, the 22nd ult., by combining their forces against the City of London Club. The spacious rooms of the Salutation Tavern, Newgate-street, the scene of the engagement, were crowded with spectators, testifying to the public interest in these matches. There were twenty competitors on each side, the Universities being represented by graduates and undergraduates, and the City by a team selected from their second class. Appended is the score, by which it will be seen that Oxford and Cambridge won by 11½ points to 8½:—

CITY.	UNIVERSITIES.
1. C. G. Cutler 0 .. G. E. Wainwright, Oxford .. 1	
2. L. Zangwill 0 .. W. H. Gunston, Cambridge .. 1	
3. E. Owen Jones 0½ .. F. P. Carr, Cambridge .. 0½	
4. L. Stiebel 0½ .. Locock, Oxford .. 0½	
5. J. J. Watts 0 .. H. G. Gwinmer, Cambridge .. 1	
6. Thomas Durrant 1 .. R. W. Barnett, Oxford .. 0	
7. J. G. Cunningham 0 .. H. F. Lowe, Oxford .. 1	
8. L. Clarke 0½ .. A. R. Ropes, Cambridge .. 0½	
9. John Sargent 1 .. G. F. Newbold, Oxford .. 0	
10. J. R. Hunnex 0 .. R. J. Topham, Cambridge .. 1	
11. George Wallace 1 .. A. G. G. Ross, Oxford .. 0	
12. John Wilson 1 .. C. Warburton, Cambridge .. 0	
13. E. Hamburger 0 .. W. Stoney, Oxford .. 1	
14. A. A. Kennedy 0 .. H. E. Robinson, Cambridge .. 1	
15. W. C. Coupland 1 .. C. M. Grace, Oxford .. 0	
16. C. W. Huntley 0 .. E. M. Morgan Brown, Cam. .. 1	
17. Henry Lawson 0 .. S. J. Buchanan, Oxford .. 1	
18. Edward Ridpath 1 .. E. H. Duke, Cambridge .. 0	
19. W. J. M'Lellan 0 .. J. H. Griffith, Oxford .. 1	
20. W. T. Marshall 1 .. Bryant, Cambridge .. 0	

8½

11½

On Wednesday the Universities were divided, Cambridge playing against the British Chess Club, and Oxford against the St. George's. Cambridge lost their match, scoring only four games out of ten played; and Oxford scored seven against eight to the credit of the St. George's. On Thursday, the 24th ult., was played the annual match Oxford against Cambridge, the fifteenth of the series, at the St. George's Club in Albemarle-street. Twelve games were commenced, but only five were finished. Of the unfinished games Oxford was awarded one as won; Cambridge two as won; the other four were declared drawn by the adjudicator, Dr. Zukertort. Appended is the score of the several players:—

CAMBRIDGE.	OXFORD.
Gwinmer 1½ .. Barnett 0½	
Topham 0½ .. Ross 1	
Schott 1½ .. Newbold 0½	
Warburton 0 .. Stoney 1	
Robinson 0½ .. Grace 0½	
Morgan Brown 1 .. Buchanan 1	
Duke 2 .. Gunney 0	

7

5

The respective scores of the two Universities on the whole series of matches are—Cambridge, 10; Oxford, 4; and one drawn.

It will interest many of our readers to learn that Admiral R. B. Beechey, the father of Mrs. T. B. Rowland (a valued contributor to this column), has been commissioned by the officers of the Royal yacht Victoria and Albert to paint a large-sized picture of that vessel for a Jubilee offering to the Queen.

A short match of three games for nominal stakes, provided by the well-known amateur Mr. Baldwin, was played last week at Simpson's Divan, between the Rev. G. A. Macdonnell and Mr. Blackburne. It resulted in the last-named gentleman winning two games. The third was drawn. A dinner to commemorate the close of the match was given by Mr. Baldwin on Saturday last, to which a few friends were invited to meet the combatants. In responding to the toast of his health, Mr. Blackburne observed that much good would accrue to the game if these short matches between the masters were arranged more frequently—a sentiment cordially endorsed by Dr. Zukertort and Messrs. Burn, Macdonnell and Pollock, who were among the guests on the occasion. It is not unlikely that the outcome of this convivial meeting will be a series of short matches between the masters named and others. The other toasts of the evening were the Rev. G. A. Macdonnell, the Rev. Mr. Cotham, Dr. Zukertort, Messrs. Burn and Pollock, &c. The musical part of the entertainment was contributed by Mr. Grace, who was in capital voice, and greatly added to the pleasures of the evening.

NEW BOOKS.

The discussions to which the assumed interpretation of the Hittite inscriptions has given rise cannot fail to arouse additional interest in Captain Conder's *Syrian Folk-Lore* (Bentley and Son). Without pretending to offer an opinion on the former abstruse and much vexed question, we can without hesitation recommend Captain Conder's book to all who take a religious or antiquarian interest in the history of the people which inhabited the country which to Jew, Moslem, and Christian is known as the Holy Land. He traces by means of rock-inscriptions, cromlechs, pottery, and the ruins of temples and other buildings, the various forms of belief through which the inhabitants passed, and the different dominations under which they lived. In no case following the Biblical narrative, he shows how antiquarian research and philological criticism support its main statements. The name of "Canaan," as applied to this country, Captain Conder thinks must have been for a long time purely local, the word being identical with our "lowlands"; although a fort of Kanana existed not in the lowlands, or even in the Jordan valley, but among the hills near Hebron. Whence the first Canaanites came must be always more or less a matter of conjecture; and the fact that their hieroglyphs, if authentic, bear a certain resemblance to those of the Egyptians can scarcely point to any conclusive theory of a common stock. They were probably a mixed race, in which the Semitic element at length obtained the upper hand, and more or less akin to the Phoenicians, who subsequently gave so much of their national character to the Hebrews. Mr. Conder points out, also, that the Samaritans, who, according to Josephus, called themselves Sidonians, were but a western tribe of the Semitic race which inhabited inland Syria; and that, possibly, these "Fenek" may have been connected with the "Punic" inhabitants of the north coast of Africa. From the days of the Phoenicians the history of the Holy Land becomes clearer, and the vestiges of Syrian stone lore are more continuous. The Hebrews, as it is well to call the people before the Babylonian captivity, were, subsequent to that great epoch, sharply divided into Jews and Samaritans; and in each section the popular mind was prepared for the Greek ascendancy, which commenced with the taking of Tyre by Alexander the Great. The revolt under Maccabeus marked a revival of national and independent life, which shone with brilliancy throughout the Herodian age. The Roman domination followed, with its stern administration of its own laws and high-handed repression of local autonomy. Although the Jews suffered much under their iron rule, it was perhaps scarcely so fatal to their national life as the slow insidious sapping of the Byzantine age. A moment of deliverance might seem to have come when their fellow-montheists, the Arabs, were causing Eastern Christendom to reel; but the rule of Omar and his successors brought, in truth, but little relief to the suffering Jews. Still less consideration could they expect, and still less did they obtain, from the Crusaders, whose influence upon the Holy Land for good or for evil Captain Conder discusses at considerable length. Of all the invaders of, and settlers in, Syria, these Normans and their allies have left the most numerous traces in stone—not the less interesting, because, from motives which this volume explains, they are wholly misleading if accepted without challenge by the traveller or student who comes to the Holy Land to tread in the footsteps of the Founder of his Faith. To such as have visited, and still more to those who are unable to visit, the scenes of Biblical history, Captain Conder's volume will be of never-flagging interest.

The first of the two volumes of *Music and Manners: Personal Reminiscences and Sketches of Character*, by W. Beatty-Kingston (Chapman and Hall), is devoted to musical topics, the other being occupied chiefly with anecdotal matter illustrative of national and social characteristics. The author possesses special qualifications for the production of a book of large and permanent interest in the varied details of which it consists. Himself a practical musician of considerable skill, and an accomplished linguist, he has had many and varied experiences of musical art, of men and manners, in his active and changeable occupation as a journalist. His first volume contains much interesting matter respecting music and musicians, in association with Vienna, Berlin, Pesth, Rome, and other localities. Art opinions, personal recollections, and anecdote are narrated in a light and genial style, that will be attractive to the general, as well as to the musical, reader. The second volume will be found equally interesting in its graphic sketches of life. Among other great musicians of whom interesting anecdotes are given are Rubinstein and Liszt. Of the remarkable power possessed by the former for transposing from one key to another, Mr. Kingston relates that he "heard him transpose one of the most heart-breaking fugues (heart-breaking, of course, only from the mechanical point of view) of the 'forty-eight' from a flat key into a sharp key; the latter not even being one of his own selections, but chosen by a fellow-pianist, whom I shrewdly suspected at the time to be guilty of intending to set Rubinstein an impossible task. He played the fugue in question without missing a note or omitting an emphasis." Of Liszt's independent character and respect for his art, Mr. Kingston relates that, when in St. Petersburg, "the Czar Nicholas invited him to a soirée at the Winter Palace, and in the course of the evening personally asked him to play. An Imperial request being equivalent to a command, Liszt sat down to the piano and commenced one of his brilliant Hungarian Rhapsodies. The Czar—instead of bestowing that exclusive attention upon the performance to which Liszt was accustomed, and which, in fact, he exacted from his audiences in private as well as in public—entered into an animated conversation with one of his Generals, talking in his usual and by no means subdued tone of voice. Liszt went on playing for a minute or so, at the expiration of which time, seeing that the Emperor was not listening to him, he suddenly came to a full stop, and rose from his seat at the instrument. Tableau! Although he had paid no heed to Liszt's performance, Nicholas Alexandrevitch missed the sound of the piano, and sent one of his chamberlains to ask the artist why he had ceased playing—whether he was indisposed or the piano had not been properly tuned. Liszt's steely-grey eyes flashed with righteous indignation as he replied: 'The Czar well knows that whilst he is speaking every other voice—even that of music—is bound to be mute!' So saying, he turned his back on the astounded official, and abruptly left the room. Everybody present expected that the *maestro* would receive his passport the first thing on the following morning, with the peremptory order on the part of the Minister of Police to quit Russian territory within four-and-twenty hours." To the surprise of the Court, however, Czar Nicholas took in good part the severe reproof administered to him by the fearless pianist, to whom he sent a costly gift the next day; and ever after, when Liszt's name was mentioned in his presence, spoke of him with cordial admiration as a musician who not only respected himself, but had the courage to insist upon respect being paid to his art, 'even' (as the Czar was wont to observe) 'by ignorant persons like myself, who know so little about music that they do not deserve that great artists should waste their time and talents in trying to amuse them.' The volumes abound with anecdotes of equal interest.



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO BIRMINGHAM: THE PROCESSION PASSING ALONG NEW-STREET.

NOVELS.

"Splendid" and "glorious" are strong terms, but they are scarcely too strong for application to some parts of *Springhaven*, by Richard Doddridge Blackmore (Sampson, Low, and Co.), a novel in which the author appears to great advantage, so unusually well suited does he seem to be by his theme, his characters, and his scenery. The time chosen, too, is that critical period in England's history when the Corsican ogre was preparing to stow away our little island in his capacious maw, which a whole world would no doubt have been too small to satisfy. But if France had her giant (a very undersized giant, by-the-way, to look upon), England had her giant-killer (also undersized to look upon); if the French could exhibit a Napoleon Buonaparte, the English could produce a Nelson, and—when his hour had come—a Wellington. It is, however, with Napoleon and Nelson that the novelist deals particularly, so far as the historical portion of his work is concerned; and of each he presents a portrait, which will be generally accepted as striking and excellent for verisimilitude, and, at the same time, for originality and impartiality of treatment. For the purposes of the novel it was necessary—or, at any rate, it was expedient—that hard by the fishing-village at which the Corsican was to land his troops for the invasion and occupation of England, there should be a native Englishman, possessed of a swift vessel and of a place convenient for the storage of villainous gunpowder and other warlike material, who would act the part of spy and traitor. At this idea, of course, every English gorge will rise; at the possibility of such a thing, of course, every dogged English head will be shaken with insuperable incredulity, every English face will flush with indignation, every English lip will curl with contemptuous scorn. The difficulty, however, is met by the creation of a scoundrel who shall be English born, but of a French mother, and who shall have good reasons for exhibiting maternal rather than paternal instincts, inclinations, political and national characteristics. Here, then, is the required traitor; and not only does he play his own part with a will and with considerable ingenuity, but he manages to inveigle and to implicate in his nefarious proceedings the lovely, charming, interesting, and exquisitely provoking little daughter of a gallant English admiral, and the god-daughter of the immortal Nelson himself. For this the reader will be unable to forgive either the traitor or the novelist; and few English readers will find a shred of excuse or a fragment of pardon for the fair Dolly herself and her mischievous thoughtlessness with all its tragic consequences. No doubt she behaves like a true English heroine at the crisis; but her heroic conduct comes too late to prevent domestic tragedy and to atone for the evil caused by her clandestine behaviour. A noble novel is, nevertheless, to be set down once more upon the author's long and honourable list; it is full of fine descriptions and moving scenes, and it contains one or two ballads of the good old vigorous style. There is a certain crudeness and lack of art in the management of certain incidents, especially in all that relates to Captain Twemlow, whose part in the novel is performed in a manner and with accessories so fantastic and grotesque as to suggest the absurdities of lunacy; and there is a tendency to spoil—as if of set purpose—the full effect of a noble picture by the introduction of homely and sardonic touches, just when they are most untimely. For all this, the story is among the author's best; and to read it is a most invigorating tonic.

Powerful as well as painful, but certainly more painful than powerful, is the tale unfolded in *A Son of Hagar*: by Hall

Caine (Chatto and Windus), written by an author whose first novel, published about two years ago (to speak from memory), at once established his reputation, and gave him a foremost place among the novelists of the day. On the present occasion he is equally effective with his scenes of Cumbrian life, and his pictures of Cumbrian folk, their habits, customs, and language. He is scarcely, however, so original; and his theme offers less opportunity for the noble, lofty, elevating strain which was the distinguishing characteristic of his former achievement. This time, moreover, we are confronted with difficulties which are too great a tax upon our credulity, and with legal questions which evoke a spirit of disputation rather than of that acquiescence which is almost essential if a work of fiction is to be thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed. The plot is anything but satisfactory; it is sufficiently complicated, no doubt, to stimulate curiosity, but it is woven out of somewhat common-place and threadbare, as well as exceedingly disagreeable, materials, and it is worked out by means which are not remarkable for novelty. Nor can it be said that the author has made out a notably strong case in favour of those unfortunate children whose condition is not very happily indicated by the wording of his title, for it was certainly not on the ground of illegitimacy that Sarah was so bitter against the son of Hagar. Nor in the novel itself is there any reason why the child born before marriage should have suffered any inconvenience, had the parents taken the most ordinary precautions, if the facts were really as the author represents them to have been, and if the law be correctly enunciated in his pages. Moreover the author has chosen one of those exceptional cases for which the most careful Legislature could hardly be expected to provide. Here is a young lady, of very superior moral and religious character, of good education apparently, and of highly respectable position presumably, who is entrapped by a gallant officer into a marriage which is illegal, who is deserted by him, who goes mad, is separated from her child, loses sight of it, becomes desperate, turns what is euphemistically and ironically termed "gay," forms an illicit connection with another man who, when she has already become a second time a mother, marries her, and after that lives the blameless life of an honoured matron. Now, is it credible that a young lady of so much experience, and a husband of so much probity and honour, would not have made a point of ascertaining at the time what was the legal value of the union contracted? Had they done so, they would have seriously interfered with the purposes of this novel, which would probably never have been written at all, to the great loss of those many readers who rejoice in a startling, well-written romance. On the whole, however, though novel-readers may gain, it is doubtful whether the cause of illegitimate children, who certainly seem to suffer hardship under the English law, will obtain much advantage from the somewhat delusive illustration given of their cruel disabilities. As for the study of a wicked man, the study to which the author has devoted his excellent faculties, most readers are likely to wish that, clever, vigorous, impressive, and instructive as his sketch may be, he had constructed his new tale more on the lines of the former, by which he won his first success. Even in the present instance, indeed, his own nobler instincts are too strong for him; he cannot make us fix our attention upon the bad man, the professed study, the leading character, but involuntarily concentrates our interest upon the good man—the "son of Hagar"—struggling with adversity, and upon the glorious young girl who plays so admirable a part in the struggle.

It is the Russian colouring which lends a charm to *The Friend of the Family* and *The Gambler*: by Fedor Dostoeffsky (Vizetelly and Co.), translated by Mr. Frederick Whishaw, and published together in a single volume; otherwise neither of the stories, though both are free from what is commonly objected to in foreign novels, seems to have been constructed either of materials or upon lines which are likely to find much favour with English readers, unless it may be taken as an axiom that gambling can never fail to be attractive under any circumstances. The "gambler" is a Russian tutor, and the life he leads will astonish any English tutor who may happen to take up the book. The stories are written in the form of autobiographical narratives; and that form—in works of fiction—is less agreeable and attractive to readers than manageable and easy for writers, unless, as in the case of "Robinson Crusoe" and other fictitious personages, such form, from the nature of the circumstances, is almost inevitable, and certainly tends to keep up an appearance of reality.

Mr. F. J. Williamson, of Esher, has received the commission to execute a colossal statue of the late Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, to be erected in Liverpool.

The Sunbeam, with Lord and Lady Brassey on board, left Rangoon on the 26th ult. for Moulmein, and will thence proceed to Borneo. Lord Brassey proposes to make a careful examination of the various British settlements in Borneo, with a view of promoting a scheme for their federation, together with the territories of the Sultan of Brunei, under the Governor of the Straits Settlements as High Commissioner. From Borneo the Sunbeam will proceed to the Australian colonies. Lord Brassey will advocate in Australia the formation of a Royal Naval Artillery Volunteer Corps there, and will endeavour to secure the foundation of a Naval College in Australia. The Sunbeam will return to England via Mauritius, Batavia, and the Cape. She will probably reach England at the end of October.

An appeal has been put forward by an influential body of Italians on behalf of a number of historical monuments which, if longer neglected, run the risk of ranking a short time hence with the "classic ruins" of which Italy possesses so many examples. It is hoped and believed that the Italian Government will not turn a deaf ear to this appeal, and that the work of restoration and repair will be placed in the hands of responsible persons. The first and perhaps the most urgent works to be undertaken are intimately connected with the city of Milan, and comprise the Certosa of Garignano, the Palazzo della Ragione, and the Abbey of Chiaravalle. The last named, which is less than four miles along the road which is entered by the Porta Romana, is noteworthy as the first Cistercian monastery established in Italy. The central tower, in the best period of Lombard style, is the most important relic of this old twelfth-century building. At a somewhat greater distance from the capital of Lombardy, is the well-known Certosa of Pavia, and the Sanctuary on the Mont Sacro, above Varallo. The former building, in spite of the care bestowed upon it by its guardians, is showing the effects of time and weather. The state of affairs at Varallo is more serious still: the famous series of frescoes by Gaudenzio Ferrari are threatened with immediate ruin. All attempts to remove them from the walls have proved unsuccessful, and an attempt is about to be made to supply them with metal backings, in the hope that by this means the infiltration of damp through the walls may be arrested.



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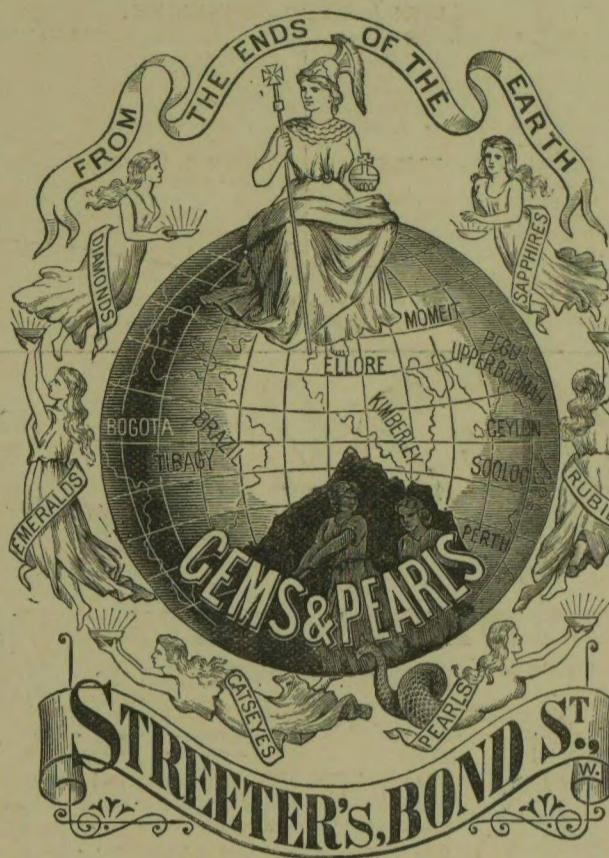
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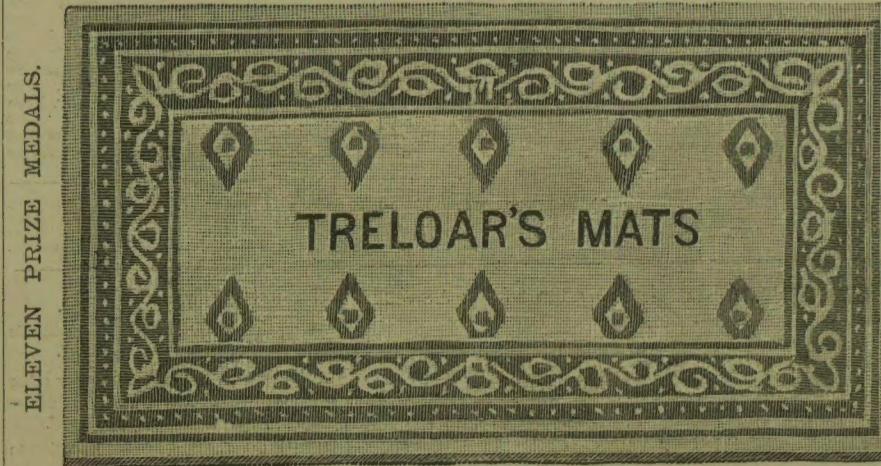
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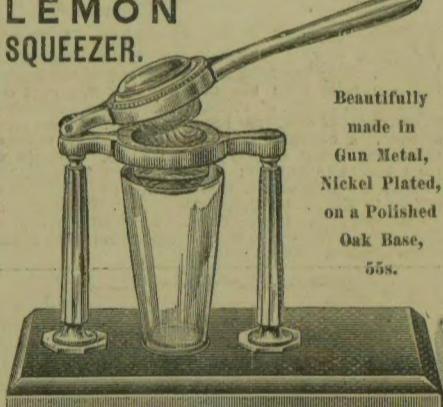
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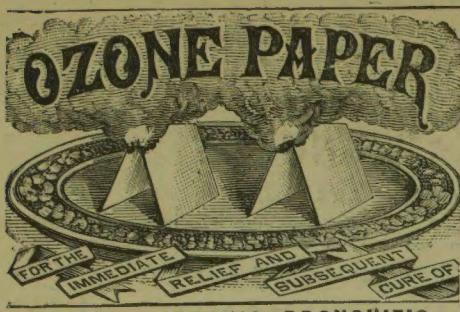
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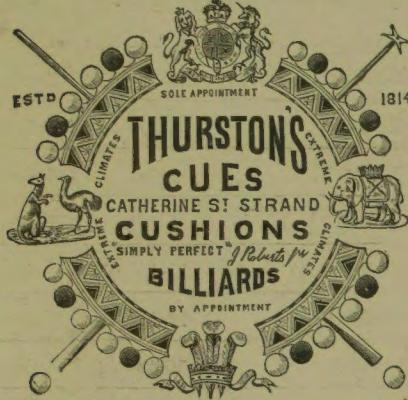
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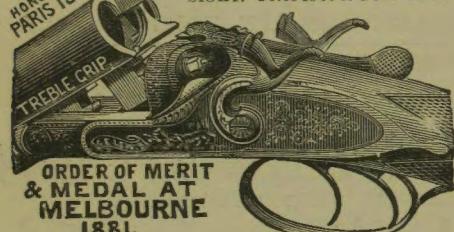
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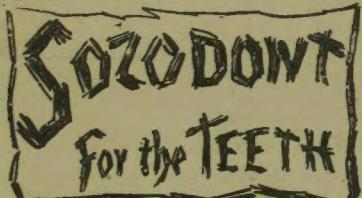
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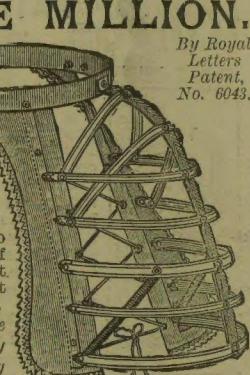
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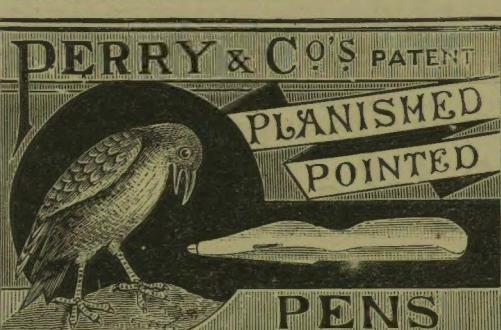
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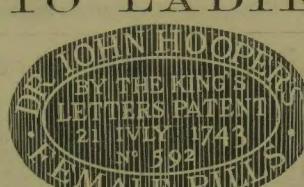
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